Vol. XCI.—No. 1179] JULY 21, 1926 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

BY THE BYE, BUY THE BYSTANDER TO-DAY

The BYSTANDER

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Wine Merchants by appointment to H.M. the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
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Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

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TO PREVENT URIC ACID
DRINK *Apollinaris*
Natural Mineral Water
Either Plain or with your Whisky.
From Grocers, Stores, Wine Merchants or The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., 4, Stratford Place, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V
CHAMPAGNE
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ROYAL BEACH HOTEL
SOUTHSEA
Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Tariff.
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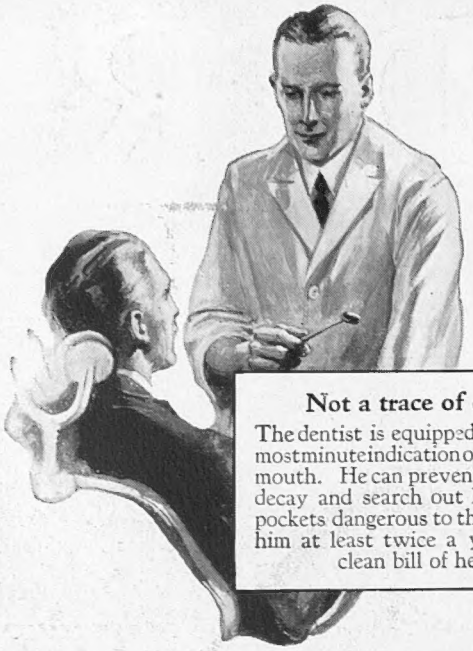

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4 out of 5

Four out of five of your friends past forty, and many younger, succumb to the assault of grim Pyorrhœa.

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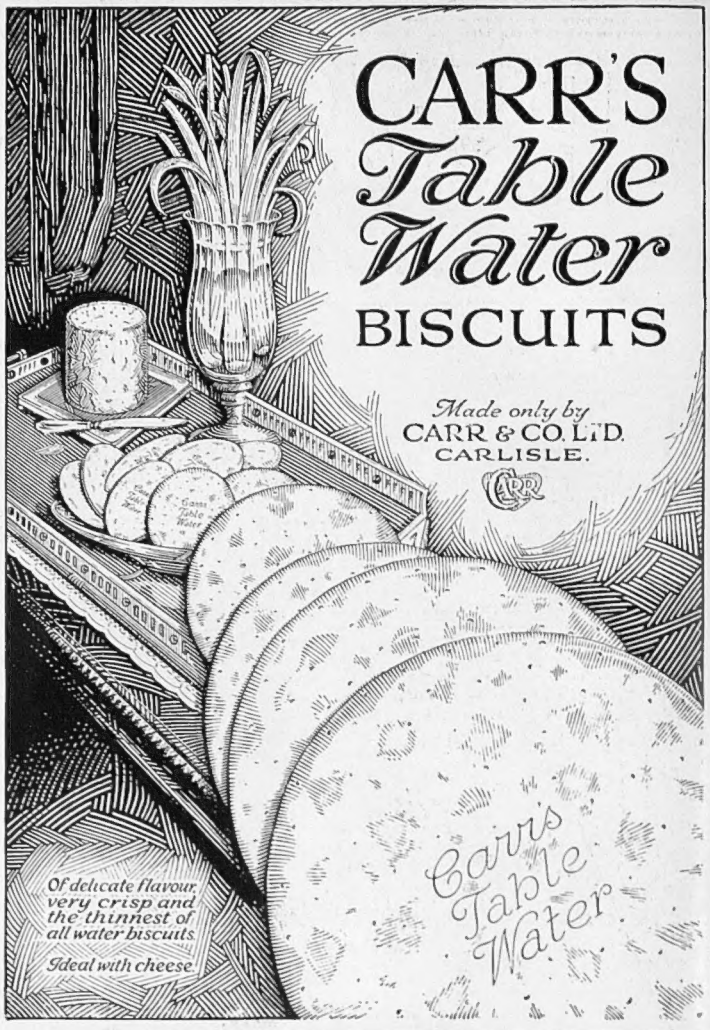

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High Class Modern and Genuine Antiques The whole to be disposed of quite regardless of original cost, and in most cases ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE, including many items from the following important collections :—

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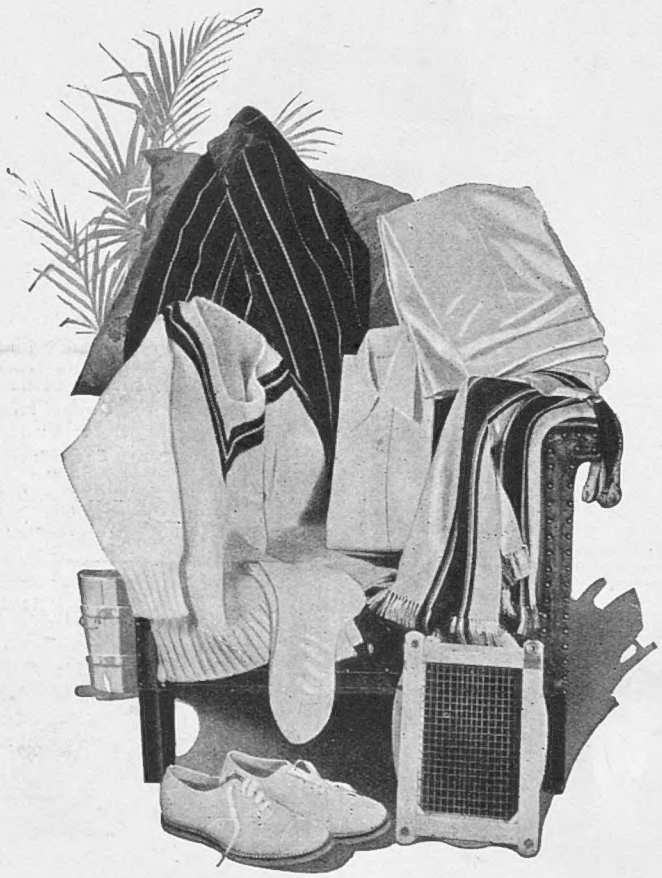

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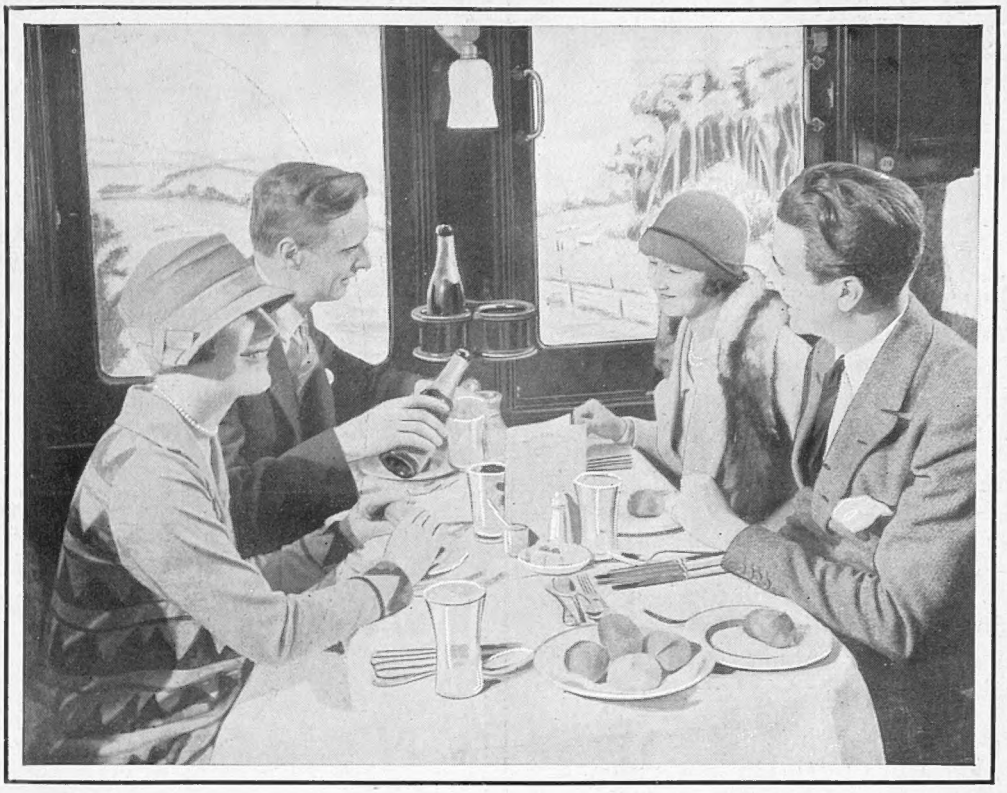

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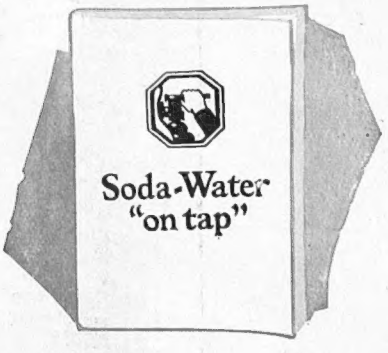

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AT POPULAR PRICES

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ATTRACTIVE TEA FROCK in rich quality broche velvet in artistic designs and a variety of self colourings, cut with panels either side of skirt at sides and back, outlined with a band of velvet coming to a point in front, sash of own material crossing over at back and fastening in small bow in front.

PRICE **8½ Gns.**

In multi-coloured broche velvet, **9½ Gns.**

In outsize, **21/-** extra.

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All 'Celanese' Underwear is valued for its scientific health-and-comfort property of insulation. Be sure you get the genuine 'Celanese'—always identified by this woven Brand Tab stitched inside every garment.

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"Vio-Ray" High-Frequency Electricity is magic in the way it rejuvenates, ensures health, beauty and charm. Fully recognised by nerve, beauty, and hair specialists. Extensively used in cases of rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Complete, 55/-; for use with wireless accumulator 77/6. "As simple to use as a hair brush."

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MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

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Cuticura Promotes Permanent Hair Health

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, with light applications of Cuticura Ointment when necessary, tend to free the scalp of dandruff and minor eruptions, and to establish a permanent condition of hair health.

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SCARVES.—200 Rich quality Crêpe de Chine Scarves, in marle effects, 2 yards by 18 inches. Regular price 18/11.
Reduced to 12/9.

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250 pieces of very effective rich quality **Ribbon** on Faille grounds with smart cross-bar Check composed of two colours. Very suitable for Sashes or Millinery. Usual price 5/11.
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1200 metres of 3½ inch French **Galon Ribbon** embroidered with Gold Tinsel and variegated colours. Regular price 5/6 yard.
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Easy-fitting, airylight, thin and flexible, The Burberry makes no difference to the "set" of the gun, and enables the "shot" to maintain top form perfectly protected against rain, mist, wind and cold.

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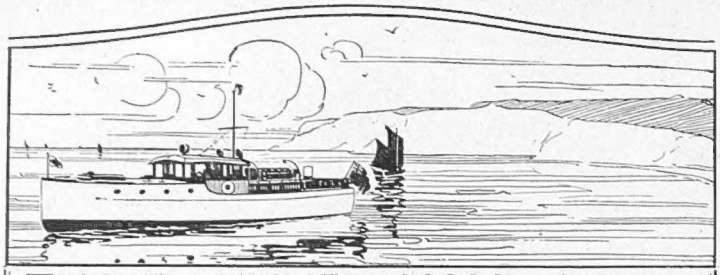

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KELVIN COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES obtainable from stock in great variety. Our range covers over 40 standard models.

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A sharp blade and a soothing shave with a Kropp that never wants grinding

In case, black handle, 10/6; ivory handle 18/-.

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tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **2/6** or direct:—

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IMPROVED "SUNNY CORNER" BECOMING HAT OF FUR FELT, trimmed and bound Ribbon to match. Colours — Tan, New Cuba, Cedar, Nut Brown, Light Brown, Silver, New Beige, New Beige trimmed Brown, New Blue, Almond, Black.

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CRÊPE DE CHINE HAND MADE NIGHTDRESS, V neck and sleeveless design edged with fine scalloped lace. In pink, sky, mauve, yellow, cyclamen, green and ivory.

SPECIAL PRICE **29/6**

Chemise to match,.....**25/9**
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In heavy quality pure silk Milanese. In pink, ivory, coral, peach, blue, mauve, cyclamen, and green.

Nightdress **49/6**
Chemise to match,.....**39/6**
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LACE BOUDOIR CAP with wings trimmed ribbon and posies **21/9**

Sent on approval.

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ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest superfine quality Felt Hat. Very light in weight, beautifully finished throughout absolutely weatherproof. The brim is just the right width, slightly turned up at back, with crown in proportion: in fact, a **Robert Heath Hat of Distinction.** In all head sizes and these newest colours: Drab, Beech, Rosewood, Pumice, New Sand, Sable and Black.

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SECURE YOUR BARGAIN AT ONCE. IT WILL BE STORED FREE AND NEED NOT BE PAID FOR UNTIL REQUIRED FOR WEAR.

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A Very Becoming Cape in
MOLESKIN
as illustration is typical of the value obtainable NOW. Modelled on becoming lines from fine quality skins, introducing unique workmanship. Suitable alike for day and evening wear. Usual Winter Price **39 Gns.**

NOW **27** GNS.

Visit our Showrooms — or write at once for Illustrated Summer Sale Catalogue.

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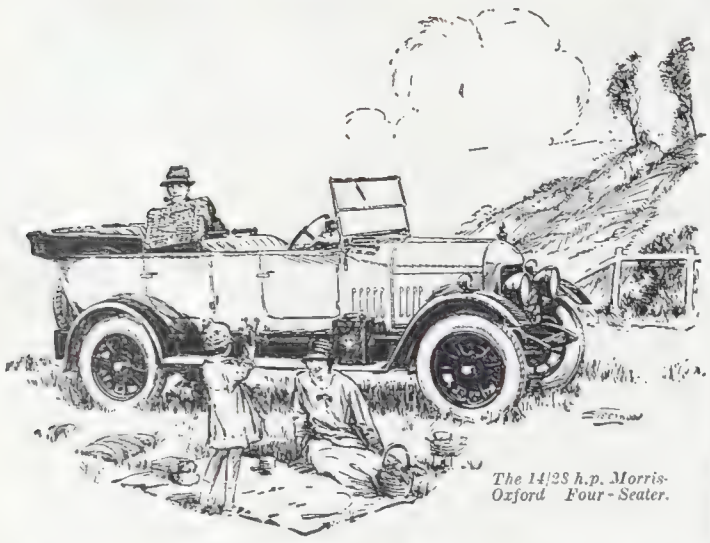

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No. 1179. Vol. XCI.

The BYSTANDER

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE BAROMETER

BY P. B. HICKLING

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Social Orange

THE London Season is not over by any means, but it is reaching its zenith, and the pace is becoming fast and furious. From the youngest débutante to the oldest chaperone providing such survivals are still known—everyone is determined to squeeze the last drop of juice out of the social orange.

Last and Not Least

NEXT week we have Goodwood, the climax of the Sussex Fortnight and of the flat racing season; for after the pleasant downland picnics near Chichester Society flies along the coast to the Solent and the nautical delights that Cowes has to offer. Goodwood and Cowes are the most popular as they are the most belated features of the Season. Certainly last, but certainly not least in the glittering list of attractions.

A Wet Wicket?

SATURDAY brings the fourth Test Match at Manchester, and if Manchester lives up to its reputation there will either be no play, or the wicket will be wet enough to bring about a definite result. Possibly the Australians have not heard that a Manchester horse always shies if it happens to see a man without an umbrella. North-country sportsmen are praying for rain on Saturday next—but not too much of it.

A Batch of Beauty Spots

WITH the end of the social season, London will empty itself into the surrounding shores, and latter-day Columbuses will set themselves the congenial task of discovering England's most beautiful village. England has many most beautiful villages. There are conventional resorts like Clovelly; there is the Isle of Wight, with a regular batch of beauty spots, and there are the Cotswold towns of Birdlip, Broadway and Burford.

What a Problem!

BEAUTY is always a matter of opinion—otherwise, why do some men manage to get married? Ask any six people which is England's fairest county, and each will give you a different answer. I have even heard an exile working in the American Customs at New York, who speaks of Rutlandshire in terms of deep affection. England's most beautiful county? What a competition for a weekly paper, and what a problem for the competitor!

I Plump for Burford

BUT when it comes to Britain's most beautiful village I feel myself on surer ground, for I am all ready with a suggestion. Naturally, I shall offend a whole host of readers, but, as I say, beauty is a matter of opinion, and you mustn't grudge me my little enthusiasms. Besides, in plumping for Burford—not to be confused with Burford Bridge—I have the support of such famous folk as Nell Gwyn; C. E. Montague, who lives there; Compton Mackenzie, who wrote a book there; John Buchan, who signed the visitors' book at "The Lamb," and the Earl of Rochester, who was educated at the local grammar school.

Register Your Vote

THE discovery of England has been greatly assisted by Mr. W. R. Morris and Sir Herbert Austin, whose little two-seaters have opened up the countryside as it has never been opened up before. I should like to hear of

villages more beautiful than Burford, and I appeal to those fortunate owners of two-seaters that, when they next do ride abroad, they will register a vote for their particular beauty spot. By this means we may possibly arrive at the truth of the matter.

Not the Pioneers

THE papers are full of rhyming advertisements, and I see it suggested that Messrs. Rowntree, Abdulla, Worthington and Co. are the pioneers in this matter. Not so! The boots that return to me this morning, each bearing a brand new sole, bring with them a beautiful poem of seven splendid stanzas, from which I quote :—

> Oh! have you heard this latest news
> Of things concerning you?
> Well, if you have not, just read this
> And you will say, quite right, it's true.

Not An American Lyric

READS like an American lyric doesn't it? And I wager the poet gets paid less, for in his penultimate pæon he explains :—

> I get nothing for this line or two
> But only guarantee
> That when you've worn out your first pair
> You'll come back to me with glee.

And only last week, I read, above the doorway of a chimney-sweep, that "John Smith lives here," with the added information that "He will sweep your chimney clear."

What About This One?

BUT the rhyming advertisement that lingers most persistently in my memory dealt with the harrowing story of a traveller who lost his train because he had corns on his feet. And as he was walking home again he chanced upon an advertisement for a certain "cornicide," and here the poet may be permitted to take up the tale :—

> Of Cornicide it treated,
> By thousands yearly bought.
> Oh, had he known it sooner,
> His train he would have caught.

BY DAVID WILSON

A TIP TO THOMAS AND CO.
Why not "trussed" Cook?

That Old Wireless

BEING in the country, and being anxious to have an opinion on what sort of weather we might expect, I asked a local rustic for his opinion. Would you believe that instead of giving his own private ruling on the matter he quoted "the wireless" as his authority for saying that the morrow would be fair. The next day—a day of pouring rain and driving mists—I met him again. "I won't listen to that old wireless no more," said he, and I rejoiced to think that modern progress had, for once, got it in the neck.

A Matter of Telephones

I BECOME a little anxious when I find myself in complete agreement with Lieut.-Commander J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P., and I am quite sure that my anxiety will be shared by the gallant and honourable member. But he needn't be alarmed. I am only agreeing with him on the subject of telephones, which, after all, is a comparatively small matter compared to some of the Crusades on which he has adventured and on which he and I have disagreed.

A Matter of Course

COMMANDER KENWORTHY believes that there should be a telephone in every home and that the charge for a local call should be one penny instead of twopence. He says that if we had a decent telephone service all over England—why not Scotland?—every six-roomed house would have one as a matter of course. I have said the same thing myself on several occasions, and, consequently, I find myself in that complete agreement with the Commander about which I have been getting so uneasy. Perhaps, between the two of us, we shall really get something done at last.

A New Fashion

THE time seems to be ripe for a revival of films and plays dealing with the epic of the Great War. The success of *The Big Parade* at the Tivoli started this new fashion, and British producers have not been slow to take the hint. A strong imperialistic note will be struck in *Mons* and *Nelson*, the former film being due at the Marble Arch Pavilion in September, while Gaumont's are giving us *Mademoiselle of Armentières*. Will the theatres follow? I fancy that a big patriotic play, striking an idealistic note, would fill Drury Lane for a year.

Wanted: A Stern Step, Mother

BY E. T. REED

M.P. (*Yelling and Insult Division*): "Mother o' Parliaments, are yer, and don't like my languidge and manners, don't yer? Well, it's my abusive 'abits wot got me elected, and as for good manners, I've no use for 'em!"

IN CHARITY'S CAUSE *Photopress*

The Duchess of York being greeted on her arrival at a garden party held at St. James's Palace last week. It was held in connection with the appeal made by the Y.W.C.A. Blue Triangle Appeal Committee

A CAMBRIDGE CELEBRATION *Illus. Bureau*

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles walking in the grounds of Clare College with the Master, Dr. W. L. Mollison. They attended a garden party during the recent sexcentenary celebrations at Clare

IN THE GARDENS *Central Press*

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin welcoming Miss Irene Vanbrugh at the recent Y.W.C.A. garden party held in the grounds of St. James's Palace. Lady Selby-Bigge is seen on Mrs. Baldwin's right

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Beginning of the End

ALREADY there are signs that the Season is nearing its end. A week after you read these lines the racing folk will all be making for Goodwood, and the other people for the moors, the *villes d'eaux* for cures, to Deauville, and to the English watering-places.

Outwardly the Season has been glittering and brilliant, and I was surprised, therefore, to hear from an acquaintance, who runs a very successful dressmaking business in Mayfair, that from the dressmaking point of view the Season has been anything but profitable. She told me that business had never recovered from the General Strike, and that where her rich clients usually ordered three or four dresses, this Season they have only ordered one. The coal strike, she said, had also touched a good many of her customers. She said, too, that practically all the West End dressmakers had had the same experience.

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Houghton are going North at the end of this week, to Haddingtonshire, where they have taken Major Baird's house, Lennoxlove. When they return to London they will go to the American Embassy in Prince's Gate.

The American Diplomatic Service stands by itself amongst the Diplomatic Services of the world. The United States pays its diplomatic representatives next door to nothing—if so much—and doesn't provide a single one of them with a house. So, wherever you have an American Ambassador you know he is a man of means, paying most patriotically for all the social "representation" of his country. He likewise has to hire the house in which he lives as Ambassador.

The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan always felt that this arrangement—and more especially in London—was a blot on the dignity of the United States. For that reason he left his two houses in Prince's Gate, facing Hyde Park, in which he lived when he came over, and where some of his priceless art treasures were housed, as a permanent American Embassy.

Why it has taken so long to convert the two houses into one nobody seems to know, but at any rate when Mr. and Mrs. Houghton come back from Scotland they will go to Prince's Gate and not to Crewe House.

Britannia

LENNOXLOVE is a charming place with a romantic history. It came to the late—and the last—Lord Blantyre, who was a Stuart, through a long descent from La Belle Stuart, the lovely Duchess of Richmond, of whom you read so much in Le Grammont's memoirs of the Court of Charles II. She was described as *la plus jolie fille du monde*.

She resisted all the amorous Charles's advances, although he went so far as to suggest divorcing his Queen, Catharine of Braganza, in order to marry her. "On a dark and stormy night" Miss Stuart slipped out of the rooms in Whitehall, which she occupied as maid of honour to Queen Catharine, and joining the Duke of Richmond at "the Beare by London Bridge," went with him into Kent, where they were secretly married.

ROYALTY AT BECKTON *G.P.U.*

His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen pulling over the lever which started the new coal handler during their recent visit to Beckton, when his Majesty opened the new coal handling plant of the Gas, Light and Coke Company. Mr. David Milne Watson, M.A., the Governor of the Company is seen on the left of the photograph

AN IRISH OCCASION *Illus. Bureau*

Mr. Tim Healy, the Governor-General of the Irish Free State, at a garden party held in Dublin to welcome delegates of the Women's International Peace Congress. He is accompanied by Lady Fingall, and Mrs Lindsay FitzPatrick

There were no children of the marriage, and when her husband died his duchies of Richmond and Lennox reverted to the Crown, because he was a Stuart relation of King Charles. Three years later Charles created his illegitimate son by the Duchess of Portsmouth, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and that Duke was the ancestor of the present Duke of Richmond.

Do you know that we see the portrait of La Belle Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, every day of our lives? She sat for the figure of Britannia on the copper coinage. She is the charming lady sitting on a rock, and holding a trident, on the reverse of all the pennies and halfpennies. Perhaps she appears on farthings, too, but it is so long since I saw one that I won't venture the statement.

Lennoxlove

But to return to Lennoxlove. La Belle Stuart out of her savings and her dower purchased the estate of Lethington, in Haddingtonshire. At her death she bequeathed it to her very poor nephew, Lord Blantyre, with the request that it might be called "Lennox love to Blantyre." Hence the name Lennoxlove.

When the late Lord Blantyre died he left Lennoxlove—which had fallen into sad disrepair—to his grandson, Major Baird, the second son of his daughter, the Hon. Lady Baird and Sir David Baird, of Newbyth. Major Baird married Lady Hersey Conyngham, and together they have expended years of labour in restoring the old house to its former glories.

One of the many treasures at Lennoxlove is the gold toilet set given by Charles II to La Belle Stuart.

Major Baird is heir to the Baird baronetcy of Newbyth, as his brother, the present baronet, has no son. His elder sister married Lord Dunedin's only son and heir, the Hon. Ronald Graham-Murray, and runs a most successful poultry farm in a remote part of Devonshire.

Credentials, Please

Some people were distinctly huffy and "aggranoyed"—a useful portmanteau word for saying that you are thoroughly vexed—by Lady Wimborne's public and private intimation that guests asked to the wedding of her daughter, the Hon. Rosemary Guest, to the Hon. Gilbert Hay, should bring a card of admission or the original invitation to St. Margaret's, Westminster.

After producing the card at the church you were told to keep it, and had to show it at Wimborne House when you went there for the reception. Lady Wimborne was entirely justified in her request.

The problem that faces hostesses nowadays—no matter what form of entertainment they give—is the uninvited guest. It is amazing the number of people who go

A JULY WEDDING *L.N.A.*

The King and Queen of Spain attended the wedding of the Hon. Gilbert Hay and the Hon. Rosemary Guest at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. The photograph shows the King of Spain with the bride's mother, Lady Wimborne

Aitken

THE PRINCE AT ASHFORD

The Prince photographed at the Welsh Girls' School, Ashford, Middlesex, where he laid the corner-stone of a new school hall. On his left is seen Bishop Watkin Williams (formerly Bishop of Bangor)

British Illus.

OFF TO THE COURTS

The Duke of York, who took part in the lawn tennis tournament given by Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield at West Hill, Highgate. He is seen with Sir Arthur Crosfield

Brit. Illus.

AT HIGHGATE

Lady Crosfield, Lady Erleigh and Sir John Simon at Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield's recent lawn tennis tournament. It was held in aid of the North Islington Welfare Ward

A FLYING VISIT *Photopress*

M. Caillaux, the French Minister of Finance, walking with the French Ambassador, M. de Fleuriau, after the former's arrival at Croydon Aerodrome. He had an important meeting with Mr. Winston Churchill on the question of France's debt settlement

to big parties and balls in private houses without being asked, and who don't know their host and hostess.

It is an odd craze, rather like drinking eau-de-cologne, and women are the worst offenders. Weddings give these curious folk their best opportunity.

Provided they are well-dressed and enter the church with an air of having been asked, they can say "Bride," or "Bridegroom," and are shown to a seat. Then it is quite easy to go on to the reception, mount the stairs, give a name, be announced and receive a handshake from the bride's mother, who naturally considers the interloper as an *invitée* of the bridegroom.

Lady Wimborne was so wise in insisting on the production of invitations. The King and Queen of Spain were at the wedding, and with all the rumours in the newspapers of plots and counter-plots against the Spanish Sovereigns a heavy responsibility rested on Lord and Lady Wimborne. There could be no risk of strangers within the gates of Wimborne House on that day.

Uninvited

THAT is one side of the matter. But your Bystander believes—and he bases his belief on many complaints—that soon we shall not be able to go to any big party unless we take our card of invitation in our hand.

I could tell you many tales of people who go out night after night, afternoon after afternoon to houses where the hostesses have never even heard their names. Those people are like this young man :—

"There was a young man so benighted,
He never knew when he was slighted.
He would go to a party,
And eat just as hearty
As though he'd been really invited."

ON DUTY *Central Press*

The Crown Prince of Siam watching the recent Atlantic Fleet Regatta at Torbay. The Crown Prince, who is a midshipman in the "Revenge," was on duty during the day

A Pleasant Custom

IN giving his daughter a furnished house as a wedding present Lord Wimborne followed the example set by Sir John Mullens and Lady Harcourt. When Sir John's second daughter, Auril, married Prince George Imeretinsky last year he gave her a furnished flat in Park Lane. Lady Harcourt gave her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson, a charming house, Orchard Lea, near Windsor, which used to belong to Lord Esher. The rosary in the garden there was designed by Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll.

A Curious Shortage

I WONDER how often "company's water" in an advertisement of a country house or cottage is a deciding factor as to the tenancy? You are willing to put up with all sorts of inconveniences if you can be sure of a constant water supply in the country. But "company's water" may hide a snare.

At the present moment, more than one house in a district in Surrey is either waterless or on very small rations, and this in a region with an abundant water supply! The reason is this—

The system supplies several villages, one or two small towns, and a whole series of country houses of various sizes ranging from cottages and villas to what the house-agents call an "important and imposing mansion." For years the water supply has been abundant and unfailing. But suddenly this year houses towards the end of the system began to experience a shortage. People were puzzled because the supply at the source was still the same, and there were no complaints except from this particular part of the region served. And what do you think is the explanation?

Since the water system was laid down, several estates in the neighbourhood have been sold and cut up into building sites, with the result that close to the villages and the two towns whole colonies of bungalows, cottages, and small houses have sprung into existence. Besides these,

Sport and General

AT PETERBOROUGH

A photograph taken at the Peterborough Foxhound Show held recently at Peterborough. The Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke of Beaufort and the Hon. James Howard

wooden huts, little better than shacks, have been dotted down all over the place, and each one has its tap. So abundant is the supply that all these extra demands upon it made no difference—except at the other end.

The shortage there is because the mains are too small. The water is practically all drawn off in the earlier part of the system, the size of the mains only permitting a trickle to go on. Naturally, when the mains were laid down there was no thought, or apparent probability, of the big "development" of the neighbourhood. To replace the present mains with pipes of more adequate size would add such a burden to the rates that it cannot even be contemplated.

It is a curious situation, and one which is likely to occur in other regions where estates have been broken up and quantities of small houses have been built.

The Governor-General of Australia

LORD STONEHAVEN'S many friends will be sorry to hear that he is ill. When he went out to Australia last year as Governor-General everybody predicted that he would be popular "down under," and be a success. The prediction has been fulfilled.

His peer's title still sounds strangely, and most people who know him invariably speak of him as "Johnny Baird," the name by which he was known in the House of Commons.

Before he went into politics Lord Stonehaven, then Sir John Baird, was in diplomacy. He married the elder of the Earl of Kintore's two daughters. Lady Stonehaven's only brother, Lord Falconer, is unmarried, and if he dies without issue the Kintore earldom goes to her under a special remainder to heirs-female granted in 1694. Some folk learned in these matters declare, however, that Lady Stonehaven would only succeed in the event of no male heir whatever being left in the family.

The Kintore earldom was bestowed in Charles II's time on Sir John Keith, as a reward for hiding the regalia of Scotland, and thus preventing it falling into the hands of Cromwell.

Lord Stonehaven's grandfather had seven brothers, and

Topical

IN THE SHIRES

Lady Beryl Gilbert photographed at the recent Agricultural Show at Peterborough. The show took place in fine weather

G. W. Day

A YOUNG HORSEWOMAN

Lady Georgina Hay photographed on her Shetland pony, "Merrylegs," at the Haddington Agricultural Show. The pony is being led in by Lady Helen Hay

A LONDON "SHEIK"

Miss Joan Dalziel with her Saluki, "Sheik of Shammar." The photograph was taken at the Saluki or Gazelle Hound Club Show which was held last week at Tattersall's Knightsbridge

ENTER THE BRIDESMAIDS *Topical*

Six of the seven bridesmaids who attended the Hon. Rosemary Guest at her marriage to the Hon. Gilbert Hay at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Cynthia Guest, Lady Lettice and Lady Sibell Lygon, Lady Margaret Spencer, Lady Catherine Willoughby, Lady Dorothea Ashley and Miss Susan Ferguson

each one of them bought an estate after they became millionaires through the Gartsherrie ironworks. This was how Urie, Lord Stonehaven's place near the town in Kincardineshire from which he took his title, came to his branch of the family.

A London Club for Business Girls

FOR some time past the Blue Triangle Forward Movement of the Y.W.C.A. has been working hard in collecting money for a big central club in London to be used by girls engaged in every sort of business. There are thousands of girls who spend their time between offices or shops in a little bed-sitting-room, many of them quite friendless. Such a club as the one projected would bring interests of every kind into the dull and colourless lives of these girls. Two hundred thousand pounds are needed to build and equip the building. Of this £75,000 has already been subscribed.

The Duchess of York is the patroness of the scheme, and last Wednesday received the guests at an afternoon party in the garden of St. James's Palace given in aid of this admirable idea.

The big lawn, surrounded by raised flower-beds, behind the red brick wall fronting the Mall, makes an ideal setting for a garden-party. And you discover, too, once you are inside the gates, that Clarence House joins St. James's Palace as closely as two "semi-detached" suburban villas.

The Duke of Connaught and his grandchildren, I believe, enjoy the amenities of this garden more than any of the dwellers in St. James's Palace. Clarence House opens on to it; in the Palace only the shuttered State rooms look down upon the garden and its fine trees.

The Duchess of York looked radiantly well.

A New London

IF you live on the sixth or eighth floor of a block of flats and your lift only works an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening your language about the coal strike is palpitating. But if you haven't a personal grievance—and really, how few of us can grumble seeing that the gas and electric light, the water, the Tubes, and the 'buses go on just the same—have you noticed that London has become a new and wonderful place, a city of surprises?

For over a week, until the rain threatened to spoil the play in the Varsity match at Lord's, London,

L.N.A.

AFTER THE WEDDING

The Hon. Gilbert Hay, the younger son of Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, the Hon. Rosemary Guest, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Wimborne. The King and Queen of Spain attended the wedding

was more exhilarating than I have ever known it. All its dinginess had gone, and you will admit that even in July, London can look extremely dingy.

We've had skies as blue as those of Italy, radiant, lustrous blue skies. And what a different effect a clear blue sky gives to the everyday London we're all so used to, to the houses and buildings we pass without even a glance.

Before the coal strike if you walked down Oxford Street you saw nothing at the far end of the streets leading off it on the north side. Now you see distant vistas of green. They are the heights of Hampstead.

And church spires, too, have taken quite a different value. In these days of closed-down factories literally they "pierce the blue."

Yes, London has become beautiful through lack of smoke. And the leaves of the trees in the squares and the parks are greener this year than ever.

The absence of the smoke-cloud showed your Bystander a beauty in

AT THE CHURCH *L.N.A.*

Mr. Peter Gurney with his bride, Miss Syssyllt Avis Morgan, after their wedding at Christ Church, Down Street. The bride is the only daughter of the Hon. Frederic George Morgan, and a niece of Lord Tredegar

QUEST

Peggie Nichols

"*Is this the way to round the world?*"

—A. A. Milne

THE ARMY IN ACTION

Major R. Bernard, 5th 6th Gurkha Rifles, who won the Army Singles Championship at Queen's Club. The runner-up was Major N. G. Holmes, East Yorks Regiment

architecture which he must have passed by all unwitting and unknowing, hundreds of times, and that is the tower of St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, that relic of an older day squeezed in between two buildings close to the Law Courts, with a statue of Queen Elizabeth in ruff and farthingale over the doorway.

Coming up Fleet Street on the right-hand side from Ludgate Circus your Bystander saw a tower, its top exquisitely carved and fretted against the radiant blue sky. It reminded him of a tower that stands, gracious and beautiful, beside a little canal in Venice, a tower that all the tourists go to see. And we have its counterpart and its equal in St. Dunstan's tower—only the smoke did not let us see it until the miners went on strike!

The Authority of Antiquity

What do you think the archæologists have discovered? No less than that the shingled female head dates far away back to B.C. Somewhere or another a statue of Astarte has been dug up, and the head shows the most modern Bond Street shingle. As Astarte was one and the same lady as Venus I think you may take it that a sculptor would represent her in the typical feminine mode of the time. So you see shingle has all the authority of antiquity behind it.

And the present revival is not the first. After the French Revolution, during the Directoire, the women on the revolutionary side all adopted a *coiffure* which was called *à la Titus*. This was closely cropped hair, with a curl on the forehead. The fashion crossed the Channel but did not have much success because of its political origin.

The Gardens at Floors

Floors Castle, near Kelso, where the Prince of Wales stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe on his one-night visit to Scotland, is always supposed to be one of the finest houses in the country. The gardens are a dream of beauty, even more beautiful, I think, than those at Warter Priory, which is saying a good deal. They owe their present perfection to the Duchess, a charming American, the daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet, who has identified herself with English life in that complete manner of which American women of all foreigners possess the secret.

The Duke of Roxburghe, who succeeded his father at the age of sixteen, used to be a keen polo player. Now, he and the Duchess share a common interest in fishing.

THE R.A.F. CHAMPION

Flying-Officer C. F. Roupell, who successfully defended his title of R.A.F. Singles Champion He beat Flying-Officer E. J. Mockler in the final

Photographs *Sport and General*

MISS E. H. HARVEY

Who won the Ladies' Singles at the Midland Counties Championships. The runner-up was Miss Joan Fry, whom she beat 2-6 6-4, 6-3

Changes Diplomatic

It has been an open secret for some time past that Lord D'Abernon was anxious to retire from the post of our Ambassador at Berlin, which he has filled for the last six years. The announcement of the appointment of the Hon. Sir Ronald Lindsay, now our Ambassador at Constantinople, to Berlin, therefore confirms the rumours of Lord D'Abernon's retirement.

TAKING A LOW ONE

H. C. Fisher in play at the Midland Counties Championships at Edgbaston. He won the Singles Championship of the Midland Counties, beating J. M. Hillyard in the final

Lord D'Abernon is not professionally a diplomatist, his interests being in the direction of high finance, as is shown by his having been Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, a Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, and the President of the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt when he was Sir Edgar Vincent. He has done splendid work in Berlin. Both he and Lady D'Abernon will be glad to get back to their charming house in Surrey, Esher Place, which last year they let to Mr. John Coats, the singer.

Sir Ronald Lindsay, a brother of the Earl of Crawford, was the first British Ambassador sent to Constantinople after the War, and has been there about two and a half years.

A Family Group

Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax, photographed in the charming grounds of her husband's country home, Charborough Park, Wareham, Dorset. With her are two of her daughters, Kathleen Mary and Patricia Doreen

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is ordinary to hear of someone being run down by a car. Last week, however, our cricket scribes inverted the process and began running down A. Carr.

. . . . . .

Still, we sincerely trust that the policy of "Carr'canny" will not be employed in the remaining Test matches.

. . . . . .

A well-known fly fisherman says an angling holiday is the most peaceful. His lines certainly seem to be cast in pleasant places.

. . . . .

Next month a German scientist will endeavour to project himself towards the moon. We thought that quarter-day was the traditional date for "shooting" it.

. . . . .

Two teams composed of dentists recently played a cricket match. We understand they took most interest when the stumps were drawn.

. . . . .

To-day's bright thought: The frequent cause of so much marital unhappiness in *income*patibility.

. . . . .

"I hear the last time you played cricket you got a pair of spectacles."

"Not quite so bad as that—only a monocle!"

. . . . .

A scientist says that good oil can be obtained from gulls. We think that sort of mother seagull's syrup wouldn't appeal to all.

. . . . .

We are informed that there is less friction now at the docks. For which let us sing in unison a suitable docksology.

The Witching Hour.

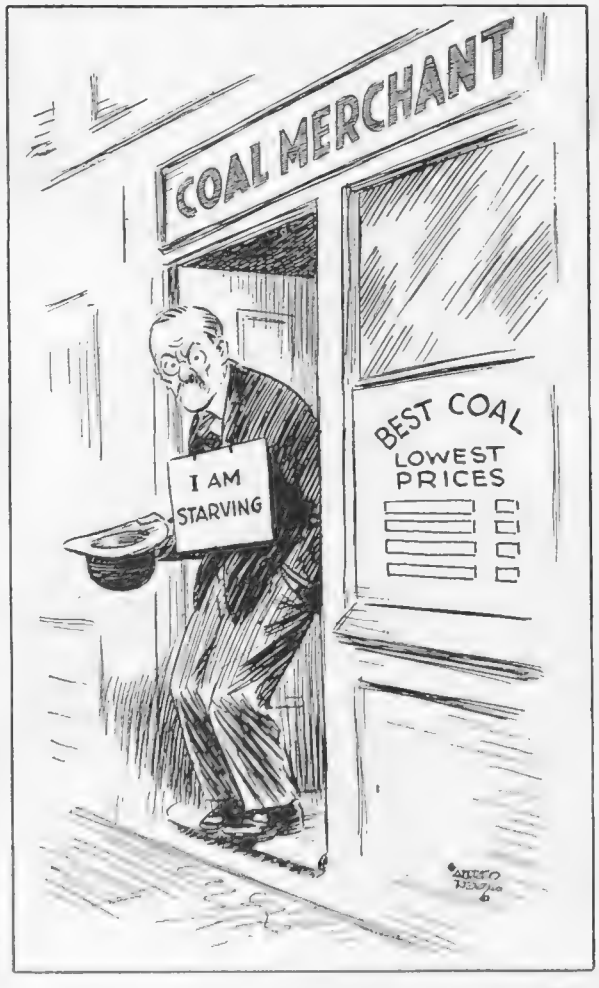
The Midnight Sun is radiant, rare,
And so all travellers declare,
When you're out there, you take a pew,
And read your evening paper through,
Without our crude electric glare.

And so why go to Cowes or Kew,
When you have got the chance to view
(Provided you can raise the fare)
The Midnight Sun?

I own that I can not disburse
That sum which would deplete my purse;
Yet oft at night when twelve has struck,
I think that it is just my luck,
That some are there while I must nurse
My Midnight Son!

. . . . .

Last week a lark, we read, fell into a milk churn. We suppose that, after the first shock, the lark then left his watery nest.



By Alfred Leete

THE EMPTY SELLER

Why?

Why is it woman ne'er goes past
Without a look at looking-glasses?
Is it because she thinks they cast
Reflections on her as she passes?

Why is it that a waiter stands
Expectantly to pouch a sure fee,
Because he places in my hands
What he proclaims is "cupacawfee"?

Why is it that the barber clan
Jaw to me as they rase my jaw?
Why is it that the fisherman
Extends the long arm of the lore?

Why is the doctrine of free-wheel
By parsons hardly ever taught?
Why is it batsmen oft appeal
Against the sentence of the caught?

Why is it that the "Why" and "Where"
Of Life is hidden from my eye?
Why is it (I don't greatly care)
That Ware is very far from Wye?

Why is a Bach worse than a Beit?
Why do men cuss? Why women kiss?
Why is it that I ever write?—
At least you'll say I'm right in this!

. . . . .

From a feuilleton: "He ground his heels together and tossed off his drink in a gulp."

He seems to have mixed up the rule about no heel-taps.

. . . . .

A smoker wants to know whether it is correct to damp a cigarette before placing it in the mouth. Personally, we think it a sure way of spoiling the Egyptians.

. . . . .

The L.C.C. have declared war on London's pigeons. A coup is being planned against those who coo.

. . . . .

Piccadilly Circus is not to see its famous statue for another year. Again a case of no place for Eros to live in.

. . . . .

A contemporary says: "Oxford has nothing like the Cambridge Blacks." No; and we're confident she doesn't want 'em.

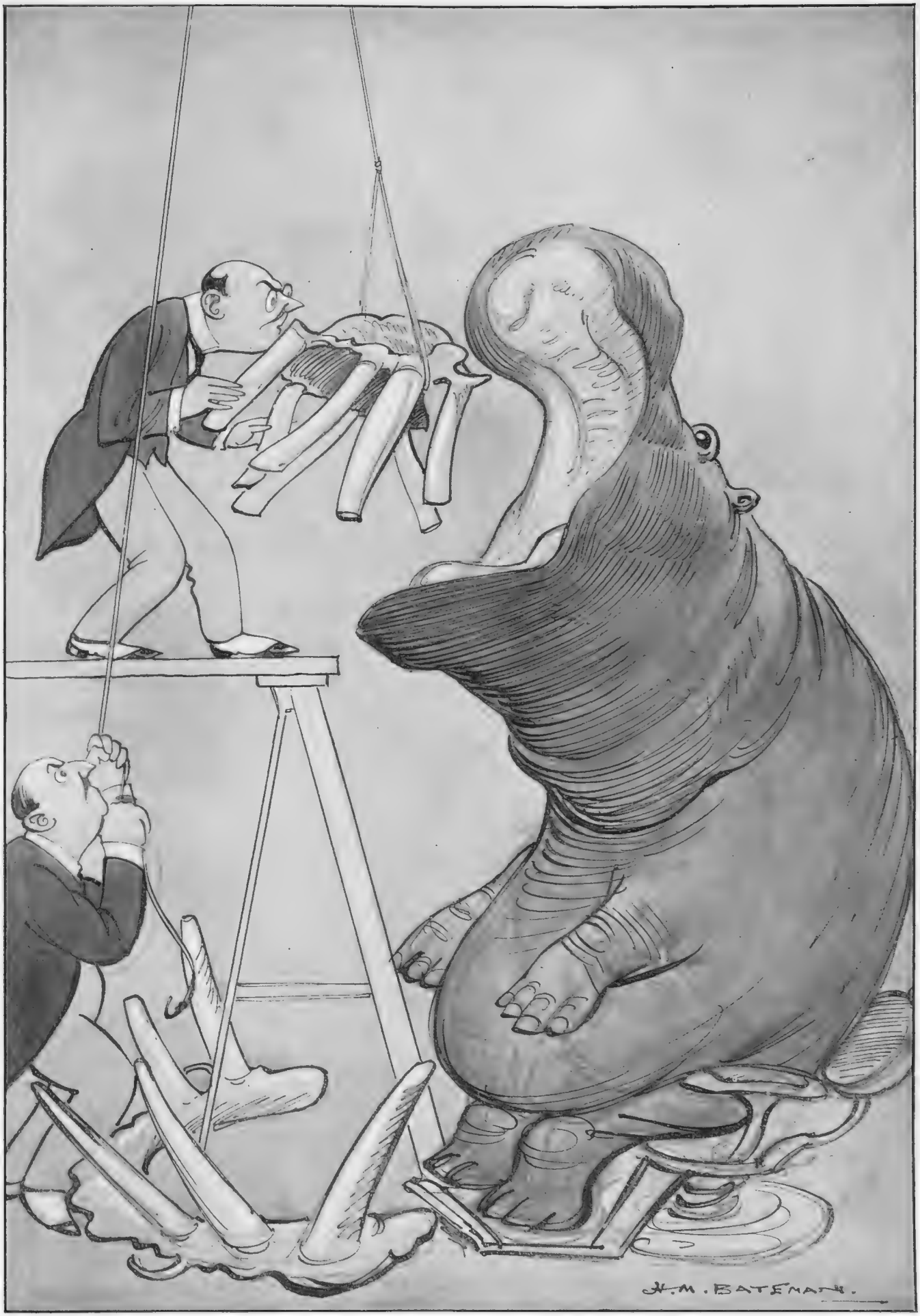
. . . .

"Would you call Phyllis dark or fair?"

"I should call her one of the demi-blondes."

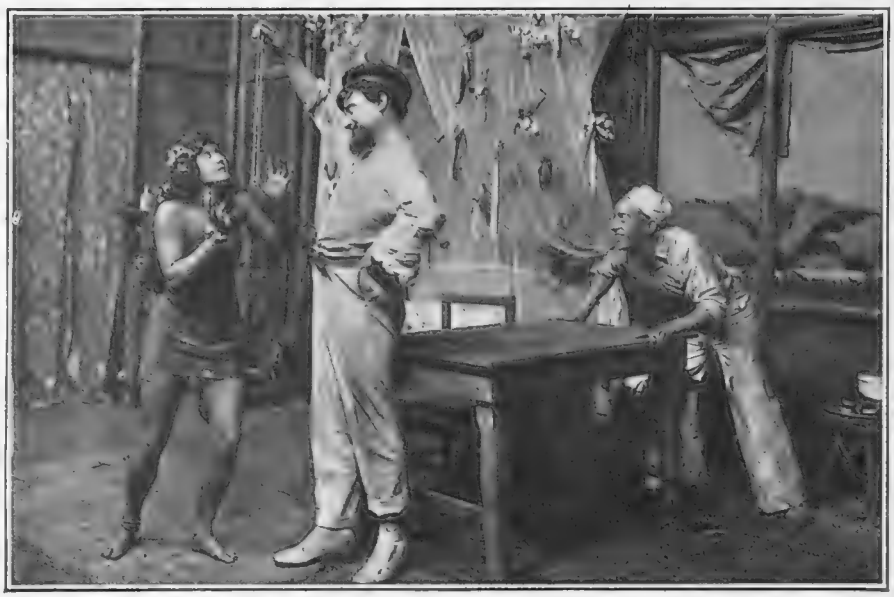
. . . . .

We know a Nonconformist divine so full of religious zeal that he has just converted his own house—into flats.



BY H. M. BATEMAN

A BIG UNDERTAKING



Stage Photo Co.

THE ETERNAL TEMPTATION

Aloma (Vivienne Osborne) is dazzled by the necklace which "Red" Malloy (H. St. Barbe West) dangles before her eyes. "Shorty" (Ronald Buchanan) is an interested, not to say covetous, spectator

Produced May 21, 1926

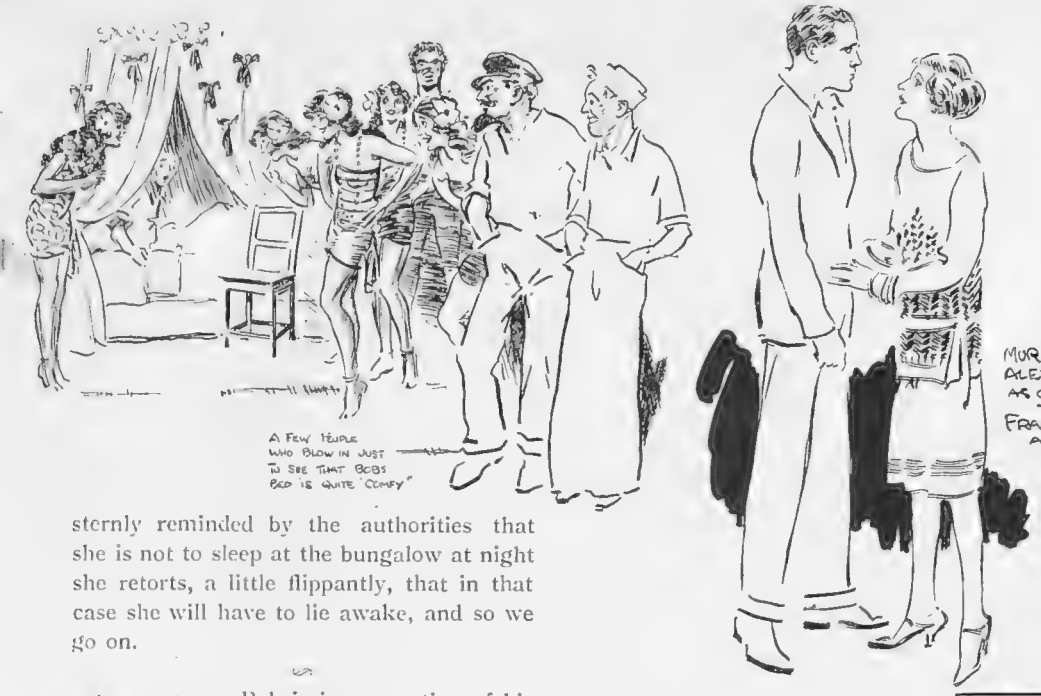
By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THERE are features in this play which remind one of some of the Pussyfoot-inspired drama during America's Prohibition campaign. In the first act we have Bob Holden, a young man who, having been crossed in love, has become a worshipper of the demon rum in the Southern Seas, and has got the complaint badly. Mr. Francis Lister, who plays the part, has made himself up to look like a very awful example indeed. He is bloated and grimy, and is the last word in repulsiveness. I think if I were a tippler I would, on seeing Mr. Lister in this disguise, at once change my hobby for something with less of a kick in it. But in the second act, by the blessed combination of the water-waggon and ginger pop, Bob Holden has recovered his school-boy complexion, and has arrived at such a high stage of manhood that he is able to resist temptations of the flesh that would have given the immaculate Joseph to pause, and probably have made Saint Anthony himself give a louder call for help in time of trouble.

IT is generally understood by stay-at-home people, who are fed on travellers' tales, that the young ladies of the South Sea Islands are of very amorous temperament, and not too particular at that. They have apparently been brought up in the creed that morals are a matter of geography, and, in that case, there is something to be said for those who live in tropical climates. We are told that one of the chief recreations of many of the native girls is to walk along the sea-shore with the baby in their arms, watching for Pa, whose ship never seems to be coming home. Pa will, apparently, watch that. But Aloma is a girl of a different stamp, to begin with, anyway. If the native rule of the island had continued she would have been the reigning Queen, and as has been well said by an author whose name I have forgotten, *noblesse oblige*. While Bob Holden, in the first act, is sitting down in a half-drunken sleep Aloma comes dancing on the scene with some of her girl friends. Then a not very sober American sailor rolls up and decides that Aloma is the only girl in the world for him, at the moment.

SUITING the action to the word, the sailor wraps the very scantily clad Aloma in his arms, and is about to kiss her very energetically indeed when Bob, hearing her call for help, throws a water bottle at the girl's assailant and downs him with a single shot. After that Aloma is very grateful to Mr. Bob, and her gratitude grows and grows to quite disastrous proportions. Bob has a friend who has undertaken to cure the dipsomaniac by housing him in a remote hut where hot and rebellious liquors will be absolutely unprocurable; and Aloma is officially appointed to be his housekeeper. The grateful girl welcomes the chance of such a job, as she has no sort of doubt as to its picturesque potentialities, and her gratitude is increasing rapidly. When she is



sternly reminded by the authorities that she is not to sleep at the bungalow at night she retorts, a little flippantly, that in that case she will have to lie awake, and so we go on.

As soon as Bob is in occupation of his hut, Aloma is there to wait on him hand and foot, and by degrees her gratitude so overwhelms her that she forgets the high responsibilities of her royal rank. She concentrates her care upon Mr. Bob's bed, the mosquito-curtains of which are tied with a superfluity of coloured ribbons in honour of what she fervently trusts is an impending ceremony. On one occasion she produces a filmy nightgown which she admits having taken away from the Governor's house when the Governor's lady wasn't looking; and she makes a great show of throwing it on Mr. Bob's bed so that it will be ready for wear at short notice. As Mr. Bob does not take this very direct hint in the candid spirit in which it is offered, Aloma pushes her gratitude to the limit, and appeals personally to Mr. Bob to take, as Mr. Dryden put it, the good the gods provide thee.

Mr. Bob is actually on the point of yielding to this when his long-lost lady-love, Sylvia, arrives on the island. It is true she has come back with a husband, but your ordinarily adroit dramatist can remove an inconvenient accretion like that in no time. Besides, the man drinks heavily, and in the eyes of the Pussy-foot brigade death is the mildest penalty for such an offence. This brings us to the lively native diver, Nuitane, who is himself in love with Aloma for the good motive. Nuitane hovers about Mr. Bob's hut flourishing a very saucy-looking knife which he uses in the course of his trade to stab to the heart interfering sharks that seem intent on doing him a personal injury. It is his boast that he has hitherto escaped their unwelcome attentions because they prefer white meat. In due course, Mr. Bob and the bibulous husband set out in Nuitane's boat for the opposite shore, and the boat is unhappily overturned. Mr. Bob does what he can to save the husband, but something snatched the poor fellow from his arms just as the act of salvage was being completed, and this gruesome hint is quite enough to assure us that one shark at least did not go to bed supperless that night.

Aloma is considerably annoyed at the arrival of Mr. Bob's former love. She asks the white lady quite pertinently how it was that, having once been in love with one man, she could have found it in her heart to marry another. Aloma's love creed is apparently that of Mr. Tom Moore, who assures us that the heart that has truly loved never forgets but as truly loves on to the close, but Tom could hardly have anticipated the modern craving for a generous husband, a fashionable car (see our advertisement pages) and a portable Pom. It happens that Mr. Bob, with the nice sense of honour that is doubtless characteristic of the white man in the Southern Seas, had decided that the only way he could avail himself of Aloma's favours was to marry the girl; and the arrival of Sylvia fortunately saves him from this terrible lapse.

Stage Photo Co.

"IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS"

Nuitane (Clay Clement) presses his suit to Aloma (Vivienne Osborne) in a time-honoured manner. Being a pearl fisher has its advantages!

Mr. Francis Lister, apart from his very realistic presentation of a human wreck in the first act, drifts pleasantly through the rest of the play as a resister of temptation against very considerable odds. Miss Vivienne Osborne, whose native accents occasionally betray the cultured burr of Boston, Mass., is extremely attractive in her scanty attire, which must approximate very nearly to the fashion of the South Sea belles. Her Aloma is a dainty, wistful little creature, whose unconditional surrender to her native impulses is most delicately presented without leaving the least doubt as to her increasing purpose. Mr. Clay Clement as Nuitane makes a fine specimen of the burly native diver; and it may be that the success of the production is due to the quiet excellence of the acting throughout.

Jingle.

THE CONTINENTAL ENGLISHMAN

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illus. by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE fun begins the moment he steps ashore at Calais. He has been over to Paris once or twice before, don't you know—a knowing wink. But that is all. He is still very British, "thank heaven." So when the boat glides alongside, he proclaims it to all and sundry by beckoning authoritatively from the upper deck to one of the blue-smocked porters, and saying loudly, "Hi! you—couple of suit-cases up here. What are you? Swarsaunt cans—righto." . . .

He points to the tightly shut windows of the restaurant car on the train, exclaiming, "I say, can't we have some air?" and looks quite hurt when the *Controlleur* shrugs a polite negative. When he has emerged, rather petulantly, from the maze of the *Gâre du Nord* on arrival, he gives the name of his hotel in a slow and distinct voice to the taxi driver, adding the precautionary order, "*et allaye doocemong,* for God's sake!"

He is not very amusing to watch in Paris itself because there are so many of his species thereabouts, and he can remain impeccably British without appearing odd. Moreover, the astute Parisian has made a business-like study of him, to his great and abiding profit, and never shows any hint of astonishment at his most peculiar peccadillos.

It is when you get him away into what he would call "primitive France," off the track which has been beaten into a flat monotony by the feet of his own kind, that he becomes a source of perpetual delight to me. George, for example, allowed himself to be beguiled by me recently on one of those delicious wanderings through the Auvergne and Jura districts, in one of the very *de luxe* motor coaches belonging to the P.L.M. railway, "A damn silly idea, I call it—we shall probably be bitten to death by fleas. However, have it your own way."

The unique beauties of the countryside, the drama of the unrivalled scenery, the fascination of the unspoilt, thoroughly French hotels never sink deeply into the minds of the Georges of Great Britain. More mundane matters concern him so vitally—such as the use of the same knife and fork through an exquisite four-course meal in a wayside inn. He could not understand that. "How do you mean—wipe 'em on a bit of bread? But dash it, they're not *short* of cutlery here, are they? Baedeker says this is a cutlery-making district (we were at Le Puy at this moment), well, I'm . . . Most odd. Can't be done, old boy . . . Ecootaye, garçong—er . . . ."

And at Grenoble he could not get his *Times*. This rattled him severely. He came hurriedly up to me in the hotel lounge with the face of a man who has just heard a grave verdict from his doctor. "I say, E.P., one can't get a *Times* in this bally town—what are we going to do? Nothing? Don't be silly, ol' man; I must *have* the *Times*. Never heard of such a thing. Do you mean to tell me that with all these Bibliotakes an' Kiosks an' things they haven't got a *Times*? There's something all wrong about this place."

"There's something all wrong about this place!"

So we went to Chartreuse. He said that was more in his line. It was lucky that the voluble and enthusiastic Guide in the now disused monastery did not understand the profanity of George's English. There is a cloister here, 705 feet long, on a slight incline. The beauty of its 17th century architecture conveyed nothing to him. All it did was to arouse his latent athleticism. "Great Scott," was his remark, "*what* a place to come down on a scooter!"

His attitude towards fellow travellers in the rather intimate propinquity of a motor coach was typical of his race. One is entirely "on one's own" in these railway motor coaches that run regular services through this region of France. One need speak to nobody if not so inclined. George was distinctly averse to any sort of "unnecessary intimacy with any of these dreadful people," and sat insularly aloof in the back seat—at first. When we stopped for lunch on the first day he said in a puzzled voice to me, "I say, that chap you've been talking to speaks damn good English—very curious." When I explained that, although a Frenchman, he had a son at Rugby and a cottage in Sussex he became at once human in George's eyes.

"Rugby, has he? Jolly enterprising of him. I wonder which House? I must find out." His finding out consisted of holding forth to Monsieur, in the front seat, throughout the whole afternoon on the very important question of the Rugby game for boys *versus* the despised Soccer. And we were passing through some of the loveliest scenery in all France. The Frenchman would have liked to have been *fortement émotioné* with it all. But he had to talk Rugger.

I asked George at tea-time what he thought of his French friend.

"O-h, not a bad chap—in his way. Talks too much, of course."

The Frenchman volunteered his views of George to me after dinner. George had gone across the road to their "potty little Casino."

"*Ah, mais votre ami, Monsieur, comme il est gentil, n'est-ce pas? Si elégant, si spirituel, si—enfin, si Anglais. . . .*"

And when, later, I told George this, he replied brutally, "*Good Lord!* Did you make the feller tight then? Or is he going to borrow money, do you think?" . . . .

Si spirituel . . . !

BY W. S. HUTTON

UNE CANTATRICE DE MONTMARTRE

"LE FIVE O'CLOC

An impression of the polo ground at Deauville during the tea hour. Since the war, afternoon tea—that

CK" AT DEAUVILLE

BY BLAM

formerly despised meal—has become the most fashionable of ceremonies among *l'haut monde* on the Continent

THE GIRL WITH THE FAN

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

ARE NURSES ANGELS?

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Heading by CUNINGHAM

THERE is a popular notion that the nursing sisters of the medical profession are angels. "When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel, thou!" Sir Walter Scott must bear a good deal of the blame for the spread of this illusion.

Nurses are not angels. I have but recently spent long weeks in their society and I know. But before going into the matter of what they are not, let me acknowledge frankly what they are.

They are beautiful.

They are self-sacrificing.

They are enchantingly quiet, a virtue rare amongst women.

They are hard-working.

They are sweet-tempered.

They are ingenious, fine-fingered, inventive and impressively proficient.

They are patient, knowing that patience is the key of joy.

They speak always without foolishness.

They are desertful and duteous, and spend their lives in exemplary fashion.

But they are not angels. Now the antithesis of angels is devils. Who could commit the outrage of calling them that? Consider the truth of what follows.

The first thought that passes through a nurse's mind when she sees a male patient is, "Here is another subject to satisfy my mania for washing." You may just have come out of a Turkish bath. It makes no matter. Water, soap, sponge, and towel are produced, and the patient is washed.

Let it be admitted that a helpless man must be washed by someone. But never can it be anything but a torture. Oh! how I sympathise with the small boy now. Why is it so pleasant to wash oneself and so painful to be washed? I do not know, but frequently in that nursing home I wished that I had been born black.

You protest to the eager sister. You say that you are quite clean, that you were washed five minutes ago, that you are not feeling strong enough, that you are feeling too strong and will do it yourself, that you have been warned by an optician that soap in your eyes will cause permanent blindness, that a touch of the sponge may turn you into a mental case and you will have symptoms of spongeophobia. All in vain. Whatso woman willeth the same she fulfilleth however one nilleth.

The nurse who washed me was very lovely. Her complexion was that of the peach and her hair was the colour of a peach-stone. But she was not an angel. She was a washerwoman.

Have angels a pillow complex? Of course, the views of men about seraphic qualities must vary slightly, but I think all are agreed that when that anodyne which is death is administered to us we shall, if we deserve it, be soothed into dreamless sleep. I can't imagine an angel bolstering a man up.

Now your modern nurse positively persecutes her patient with pillows. Having washed him, she creeps stealthily from the room, and presently returns with a pile of pillows. The patient is now in a coma. He is beginning to breathe evenly again, and has no idea of his impending torture.

What man wants more than two pillows? For most of us one is enough, and the rest have two so that they may throw one on the floor. Now nurses know all about the masculine weakness for throwing pillows on the floor. This is why they prop you up with twenty instead of twelve.

From eight to twelve are wedged behind the patient's back. Others are arranged to support the patient's arms, and these are the ones that all nurses expect you to throw on the floor. Finally, an enormous bolster called a "donkey," because of its constant association with nursing-home victims, is thrust under the patient's knees, and then lashed by ropes to the bed-head. The patient now spends the rest of the day trussed up like a pirate's prisoner.

I am aware that a case can be made out for this pillow persecution. But I decline point-blank to believe that this is a foretaste of the habits of the members of the celestial choir.

Nurses are very far from angels when they are superintending your food. Every man knows what it is not to want to eat at any fixed time. The nursing sister soups you at 7, fishes you at 7.5, chickens you at 7.10, and sweets you at 7.15. Then, off she goes to her own leisurely dinner of champagne and *pâté de foie gras*.

Not much ministering angel about that, is there? I hate soup. I know it can taste nice, but I have no faith in it. It seems to me that a clever *chef* could make soup out of old nibs and get away with it. But my "angel" made me swallow soup every day for weeks on end. I shall say nothing about the compulsory fish and meat for which I did not necessarily care, but I do think I have a right to detect something diabolical in the character of a person who bullies me into devouring rice-pudding. Let us call a spade a spade. A woman who makes a man eat rice-pudding is a maleficent spirit. If an angel, she has fallen.

If nurses were angels, they would always have a box of matches handy to light a man's tobacco.

If nurses were angels, they would keep their hair long instead of bobbing it, so as to have plenty of hairpins to clean a man's pipe.

If nurses were angels, they would not comment on the faults of one's figure. "Once round you, twice round Hyde Park," is not in the celestial manner.

If nurses were angels, they would let a man read his paper instead of shading the windows and ordering him to sleep.

If nurses were angels, they would not push the thermometer in one's mouth when one wanted to call them names.

If nurses were angels, they wouldn't make a man say "please" before they agreed to brush his hair.

If nurses were angels, they would interrupt boring visitors, and leave one alone with the bright and the beautiful.

If nurses were angels, they would have wings and fly to one when the bell rang.

If nurses were angels, they would not send one back to bed just for smiling at someone out of the window.

If nurses were angels, they would not complain when a man accidentally knocked over his shaving-water.

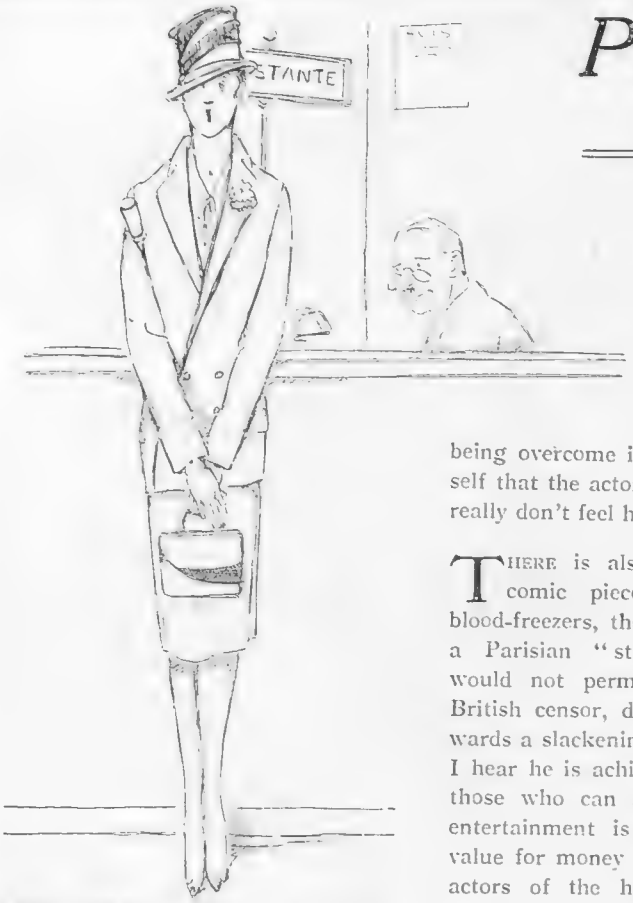
If nurses were angels, they would be able to appear and disappear instead of being able only to disappear.

But I have proved my case. There is nothing seraphic about the nursing sister. Having already paid her many compliments, I am inclined to write her down as half-darling and half-devil.

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN



"Wives could have a private box only with the authorisation of their husbands"

MES AMIS—

IF a succession of nights at *revues de spectacle* generates a feeling of satiety—and, after all, a certain sameness is inevitable—it is sometimes well to try the Grand Guignol cure, generally as effective as a cold douche after a sweltering. Now is the moment to get the douche at its freshest, for the expensive little theatre in the Rue Chaptal has just put on a new programme which is calculated to give lurid dreams to the profoundest slumberer, pork-pie supper or not.

I DARE not even tell you the plots of *Le Spectre Sanglant* and "*L'Etrangleuse*," for the mere detailing of them might send susceptible readers into hysterics; but both of them, especially the first, which deals with the blood-curdling activities of a ghost in a madhouse, are sufficiently packed with horrors to send all but trained auditors—as most of the Guignol audience are—into fainting fits. Just as the great preventive of seasickness is to avoid looking at the sea, the way to enjoy the Guignol shockers without being overcome is to keep telling yourself that the actors are only playing and really don't feel half so bad as they look

THERE is also the antidote in the comic pieces which follow the blood-freezers, though these have rather a Parisian "strong" flavour which would not permit them to pass the British censor, despite the progress towards a slackening of restrictions which I hear he is achieving. Altogether, for those who can stand it, the Guignol entertainment is a hundred per cent. value for money expended, the habitual actors of the house being very ably equipped for their rôles.

FELIX GANDERA, who is frequently accused even by hardened boulevard critics of over-accentuating the *risqué* note in his plays, has almost turned moralist in his latest comedy, *Les Deux 'Monsieur' de Madame*, produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. In book form, he would be able to run it as a serial in a weekly novelette for city girls, if such publications existed in the Gay City—a change of bent on the part of the author which provokes many whys and wherefores.

MADAME MARTHE GATOUILLAT, the good woman in the case, is awaiting with palpitations the visit of the wealthy Aunt Irene, in whom she has great expectations, the palpitations being due to the fact that she has just divorced her husband because he was *trop volage*, though very charming. Aunt Irene is one of those who do not admit divorce, and even the "seriousness" of the new husband, a dyer by profession (or is dyeing a trade?), is unlikely to prevent the crashing of a scandal when she hears about the change, and with scandal disappears the expectancies, for good and all.

MARTHE, however, has a "blue streak," and persuades the good-natured former husband to pose as husband again during Auntie's visit. Gatouillat, the serious business man being quite prepared to act as the intimate friend of the family in view of the prospects. Aunt Irene complicates matters when, on coming to the conclusion that the young couple are rather tepid lovers, she pushes them so thoroughly into the arms of one another that they become reconciled.

"She pushes them into the arms of one another"

M. GANDERA has not finished handing out rewards, for the deadly dull dyer, who is avowedly more interested in commerce than love-making, also receives his recompense by the investment of some of Aunt Irene's capital in his business. If the unfamiliar Felix goes on like this his works will qualify to figure among continuation school prizes or other uplift centres. *On va voir.*

(Continued on page 154)

The Star on the Stair

Stage Photo Co

WINIFRED SHOTTER

As she appears as Rhoda Marley, the innocent cause of all the trouble in Ben Travers's amusing new comedy, "Rookery Nook," at the Aldwych. Miss Shotter, who is making her first appearance in a leading part in the West End, has won a volley of praise from the critics for her acting

"Send susceptible readers into hysterics"

I SUPPOSE we shall miss Huguette Duflos at the Comédie Française, although it will really be possible to see her more frequently when she is appearing in boulevard theatres; for, *après tout*, a Comédie Française actress is never quite the same elsewhere, somehow, however good personally, unless, of course, she happens to be a Sarah Bernhardt. Mlle. Duflos's grievance seems to be that she was not furnished with enough opportunities of acting at the Comédie Française; but it looks a queer jump to take, from the classical and traditionalist house of Molière to revue at the Porte St. Martin, even if the authors of the revue do include one Academician in Maurice Donnay and a prospective occupant of an Academy fauteuil in Henri Duvernois.

THIS frequency of resignation on the part of Comédie Française *sociétaires* leads to the query whether actors and actresses are using the first State theatre as a mere pedestal on which to raise themselves into a prominence that will command them much more highly remunerated engagements on the boulevards. It is to be hoped that this insinuation is not true, for the Comédie Française already has enough trouble without this indignity. Some of the more pushful young playwrights appear to have a desire to make it a trial-run stage.

IT is so rarely the case that a story about a *nouveau riche* is in his favour that I must pass on to you the one that has just come into circulation in Paris. This worthy had accumulated a fortune, after a modest beginning in scrap-iron, and desired to furnish his mansion in a way which would be recognised as fitting his opulence. A specialist whom he consulted informed him that he must have a gallery of paintings, and, conducting him round the Rue de la Boetie, showed him the kind of pictures in vogue. To the specialist's surprise the novice, while expressing his gratitude, did no buying. But on his way home he purchased a number of canvases and tubes of colour. These he handed over to his grandson, aged eight, with the simple instruction to dab as he pleased so long as he kept on the canvas.

WHEN the "paintings" were finished the ex scrap-iron dealer had them framed in the richest possible style and opened a gallery of the most recent ultra-moderns. And when he received an offer of a hundred thousand francs for his "discoveries," he took it like a sound and solid business man. I think he must have been an Auvergnat.

FEMINISTS who complain of inequality of treatment in the sexes have just lighted upon a new grievance in Paris. A wife who had become suspicious because her husband no longer received any letters at home set a watch and learned that he had a private letter-box at the neighbouring post-office. Revenge in an easy form suggested itself. She asked for a private letter-box for herself and suggested that, if possible, it should be the next one to that of her husband. But the post-master had a regulation to observe. Wives could have a private letter-box only with the authorisation of their husbands. She could not descend to the humiliation of asking for an authorisation, so she has denounced the "scandal" to the feminist organisations and called on them to have it abolished. *Quel espoir!*

RENÉ.

"Instruction to dab as he pleased"

"LAURETTA looks very hot sitting out there."

"Yes, quite forty in the shade."

. . .

AT this season of the year it is pleasant to know that in some restaurants we can get peas at any price.

. . .

A RACING gentleman writes: "Because he is such a thorough sport, we all ought to drink the health of the Aga Khan." Well, if the former will kindly send round a l'aga khan of a good, light quality we will comply.

The Strenuous Side of Varsity Life

BY M. MACMICHAEL

Our artist's impressions of the recent athletic meeting at Stamford Bridge when Oxford and Cambridge beat Cornell and Princeton by seven events to five. The issue was in doubt until the last event, when E. H. Fryer, of Cambridge, won the Half Mile

Other People's Pleasures

THE TOURNAMENT

By DELL LEIGH

THE programme says that the Tournament is "for the encouragement of Skill-at-Arms and the benefit of such Naval, Military and Air Force Charities as may be selected." An excellent reason for the display—none better. But it is not recorded between the official covers, although it may be here, what intense pleasure and pride the whole pompous business gives to the ex-service man. By him I mean the stern, moustached old warrior who has "been in the Army thirty-five years, m'boy"; and the parchmented, crinkly old face of the Post Captain, R.N.—who started his official life at Osborne and ended it with a snug job "on the beach" at Devonport

It is only once a year, in July, that these worthies emerge from Onslow Square and the Boltons, take a taxi to Olympia, and sit silently critical, grimly absorbed, intensely happy at the spectacle of all three Services "in action" under that vast roof. God bless them. Every year this glimpse of all ranks and ratings seems to become more popular. So much so that all I got this year, girt as I was with all sorts of terribly official "passes," was a seat on some very white-washed steps. But no matter. I forgot the hardness and the flaky whiteness thereof in the joy of observing the facial expressions of an obviously retired Admiral on my right and a Major, R.A., on my left. However many times you may have seen the Tournament, it grips and holds you year after year by reason of the super-excellence of the men and horses concerned in it, and the slick precision of the organisation.

The people who really enjoy it most, I fancy, are the Service competitors themselves. See a tug-of-war, for example, between a Naval and a Marine team. Hear the stentorian pleading of a Naval C.P.O. on a bench at the arena edge—"Ould 'em up there, for *Gawd's* saike!" The thought of his team being pulled over is almost more than he can bear.

And in the dramatic episode known as "A Frontier Fight"—with what intense zeal do the detachments of the Guards, the R.A., the R.E. and the Tank Corps enter into this attack upon the "hostile tribe" in their "mountain fastness": with what *élan* and improvised barbaric battle-cries do members of the hostile tribe, composed of Naval and Marine gun crews, enter into the spirit of their defence and subsequent routing with heavy casualties. They love it.

The Naval ratings and the "Jollies," you must know, are the Whadis, situated in the hills (made of canvas and wood!) near a British frontier. They spend their time, we are told, "marauding and pillaging friendly tribes"; can't you see the Lower Deck doing it? Great Britain sends out one of her extremely popular "punitive expeditions"—and then the fun begins. The Naval and Marine Whadis are dressed up as a vague species of Arab, which pleases them immensely. Life-like they are in their flowing robes and turbans. The gilt was scraped slightly off the gingerbread for me when I went behind the scenes of the Whadis' mountain fastness and heard an Arab chieftain, in a marvellous flowing red robe, say caustically to a brother chieftain, "'Ere, Sam, git orf the edge o' my toonic, blarst yer; you'll 'ave the oul blinkin' thing orf me back in a minute! . . . Follows an intensive battle; all ranks firing "rapid independent" from Service rifles to their hearts' content: individuals being shot through the heart, and falling upon the tan so realistically that one's own heart seemed to miss a beat or two as one recalled, suddenly and poignantly, just such incidents in the old Dark Days in France. . . .

The Navy requires great stretches of open water to show herself to full advantage—the Air Force half the heavens. Not so, however, the conservative 10th Hussars, who give us, in full dress, a Musical Ride which is a sheer delight to every class of civilian. So absorbed are most people in the imposing entry of the two State Trumpeters in their Delhi Durbar gold dress and in the graceful movements of the 32 horses, N.C.O.s and men of this famous regiment that they may not get the thrill I got when I saw, and heard, the silver trumpet sounding the "Charge." The same trumpet that was "purchased by the desire of the soldiers of the 10th with part of the prize money arising from the enemy's horses captured by their Brigade ("Vivian's Brigade") at the battle of Waterloo." This was the leading regiment in the famous charge on that auspicious day, 111 years ago. Nor will you perhaps notice the few men standing stone still at intervals round the arena edge. Men in the old-world uniforms of the 10th. You need only glance at one, sixteen hundred and something, and all the glamour and romance of the British Army of those days, and one's pride in it to-day, will surge within you—as indeed it should.

By MORGAN RENDLE

THE BAWL WITH A SWERVE

The effect of our "Test" bowlers on a cheering spectator

Awaiting the Verdict

HE stood in silence facing the grave figure seated impassively on the other side of the court. As his ear caught the murmur of the spectators as they whispered to each other on the tightly packed benches, he felt a dull resentment against them surging in his heart. Why had they come here, these pleasure-seeking, sensation-craving people, to watch him struggling against the force that was slowly and relentlessly breaking down his defence? With hand that shook slightly despite his efforts to control it, he wiped a bead of perspiration from his forehead.

Suddenly the court was hushed in silence. The man on the lofty seat opposite him was speaking. What would the verdict be? His heart beat wildly within him as he awaited the sentence. Could he but gain a reprieve he might yet leave the court in triumph instead of as a worn, beaten man.

In clear tones the arbitrator of his fate spoke. "Out," said the Umpire. "Game, set, match to Jones."

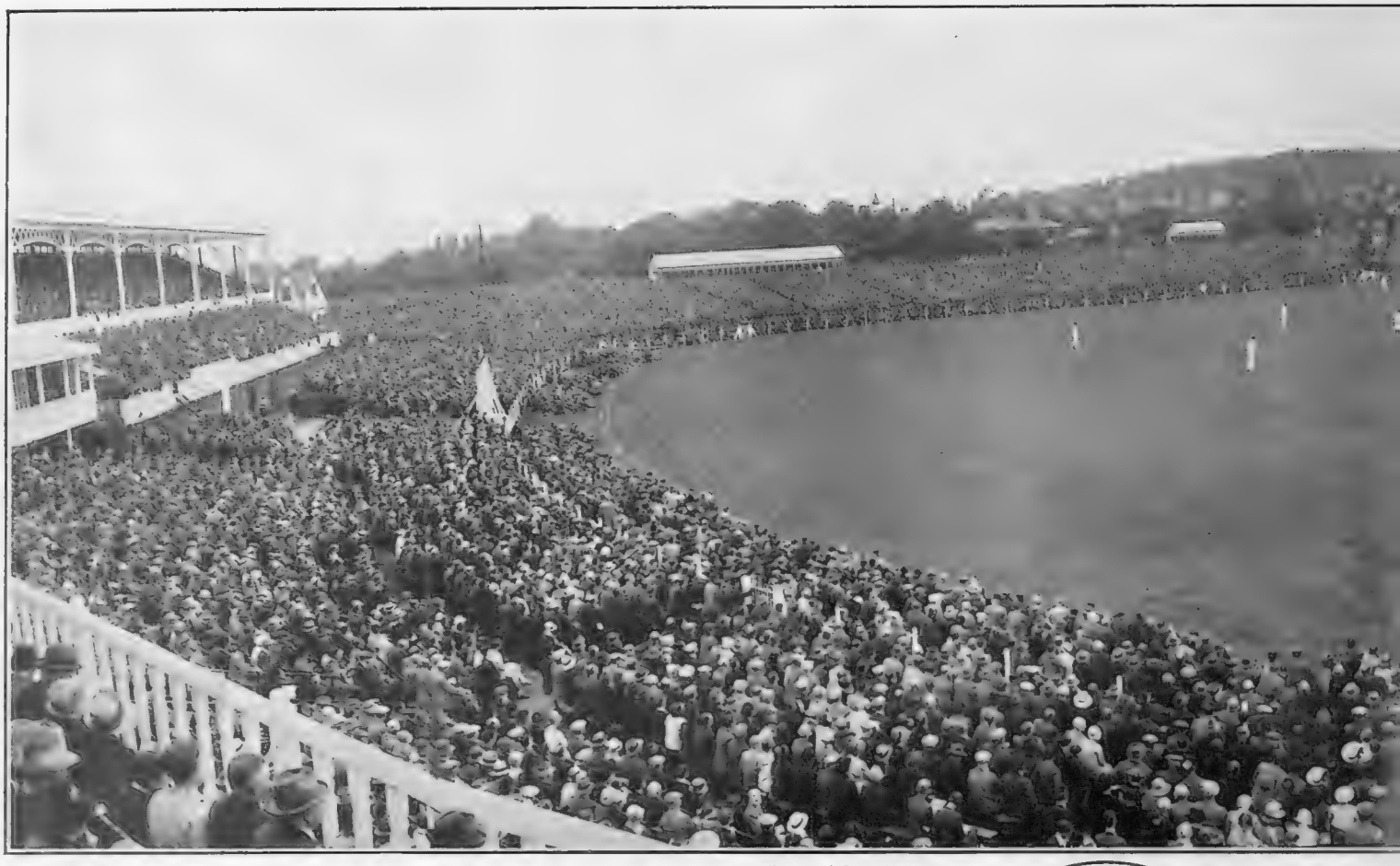
BOWER MASON.

That "Green" Look

TROUBLE ON THE THIRD TEA

BY JACK GORDGE

A Camera Causerie of Sport



Sport and General

ENGLAND "FACING FEARFUL ODDS" AT LEEDS

A panoramic view of the ground at Leeds during the third Test Match. England had to fight desperately to save herself from defeat, being 200 runs behind Australia on the first innings

Sport and General

WIGS ON THE "GREEN"

Lord Justice Atkin, Sir Albion Richardson and Mr. Purcell forsake the battles of Law for the sterner battles of "Fore." The photograph was taken at the recent match between Moor Park and the Bar Golfing Society

Photo Illus.

AT WALTON HEATH

Lady George Wellesley and Lady Holderness photographed during the Walton Heath Ladies' Gold Medal Tournament at Walton Heath

Caught in the Heat Wave

Sport and General

A BISLEY WINNER

Lt.-Colonel McLean, late R.A.M.C. (T.), photographed at Bisley. He was the winner of the "tie shoot" for the "Graphic" Cup

W. A. Rouch

ROYALTY AT HURLINGHAM

The Queen of Spain presenting the Cup to Major J. F. Harrison, captain of the Hurlingham team, at the conclusion of the Triangular Polo Contest

Photopress

THE WINNING SMILE

Capt. Broad with the King's Cup which he won after the closest finish which has yet been seen in this air race. He was flying a "Moth"

RACING NOTIONS

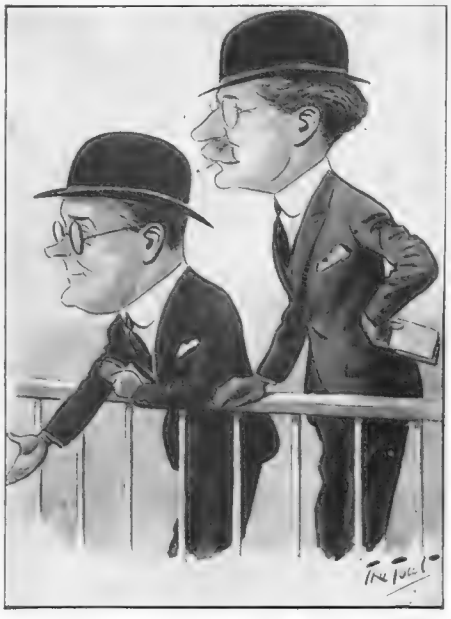
By "CARBINE"

July Meetings

If we are to judge by the big crowds which assembled at Newmarket for both of the July meetings the delights of racing behind the Ditch are becoming increasingly appreciated. The Jockey Club must have been well pleased with the attendances last week. The executive at headquarters has had some big outgoings in recent years, notably in the construction of the new road to the Rowley Mile stands and the extensive alterations which are being made to those buildings. Thus it is all to the good that these July gatherings should have come in for adequate support from the public. All the way through the racing maintained a fair level of interest, and I do not think the bookies had much the better of the argument. One blow for many punters was the mishap which occurred to Bassoon in the Zetland Stakes, a displaced saddle causing Donoghue to pull him up before the finish. This was a vexatious mishap to an odds-on favourite.

Nothing Venture

One of the most sparkling performances of the week was the victory of Nothing Venture in the July Handicap. What a game little fellow he is. No colt of his age has been more strenuously worked. This was actually his twenty-second outing, yet he came out jaunty and fresh, showing his heels to the rest of the field throughout the journey. This means an extra 7lb. for him in the Stewards' Cup. I fear his task will be a bit too severe for him in that race, but for all his weight he is sure to give his backers a good run for their money. One of the best two-year-olds we saw during the week was Adam's Apple. Despite a tendency to run green, he was a very comfortable winner of the Soltykoff, and he looks sure to do further good service for Cottrill's stable, which is enjoying quite a successful year. However, the champion youngster so far is The Satrap, whose victory in the Chesterfield Stakes left him still unbeaten.



By "The Tout"

GENIES OF THE RING

"Blackie and Co." and Mr. Scott Fry, two of the leviathan bookmakers of Tattersall's Ring, sketched on the rails at Sandown Park

At Aintree

This week the summer meeting at Liverpool promises well. It is of interest to note that the price for admission to the chief enclosure at this meeting has been reduced to £1, which means that the executive will settle the entertainment tax on their own account. There is an all-round tendency at the North Country meetings to reduce the expenses of racegoers—a sure sign that there is not so much money about for "luxuries" as was the case a few years ago. I hope the Aintree people will reap a just reward for their enterprise, which has asserted itself in another direction. I refer to the installation of an irrigation plant, similar to those existing at Sandown Park and Ascot. Booklet or in his absence **Playboy** should win the St. George Stakes on Wednesday, the Mersey Stakes may go to **Caption**, and I select **Monk's Way** for the Molyneux Cup.

Likely Winners

On the following day **All's Blue** has a chance in the Lancashire Breeders' Stakes, while Lord Derby should take the Knowsley Dinner Stakes with his selected candidate. I shall make **Booklet** my choice if he appears in the field for the valuable Atlantic Cup. Friday's big event will be the Liverpool Cup, in which the Stanley House stable may add to its long list of triumphs with the consistent **Genero**, or in his absence with **Rainbow Bridge**. The second day of the Aintree fixture clashes with Hurst Park, where **Rosehearty** may win the Duchess of York Plate.

POLO NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

Argentine Defeat

The variations of first-class polo form this season have been extraordinary. Calculations have been upset most violently in the leading competitions. Perhaps the biggest surprise of all was in the final match for the Triangular Contest at Hurlingham. Earlier in the week we had seen the Argentine team beat the Americans in smashing style, and it looked to be any reasonable odds on them treating the Hurlingham team in the same fashion in the final. Yet this time the Argentine team were vanquished by the crushing score of 7 to 2. It was difficult to realise that they were the same team as had played so brilliantly only three days previously. The real explanation for their downfall was the indisposition of Mr. John Traill. Having severely strained a riding muscle, he was a long way from his best. This appeared to upset the whole team.

Home Players in Form

It was regrettable that Lord Wodehouse was unable to turn out in this match. Knee trouble prevented him from getting into the saddle, and Major Jack Harrison was called upon as substitute. This robbed the Hurlingham team of its valuable Wodehouse-Wise combination; but it so happened that Harrison fitted in admirably with his No. 3, and the defence was wonderfully sound. In the attack, too, the winners were brilliant. Major Phipps-Hornby has been doing good work for Templeton all through the season, and on this occasion he excelled himself. Captain Roark's form was watched with special interest in view of his claims for international honours. When he is well mounted he is undoubtedly the best No. 2 in the country. This time he had the right ponies, and figured to great advantage. His hitting was remarkably good, and in all respects he showed himself to be a player of genuine class.

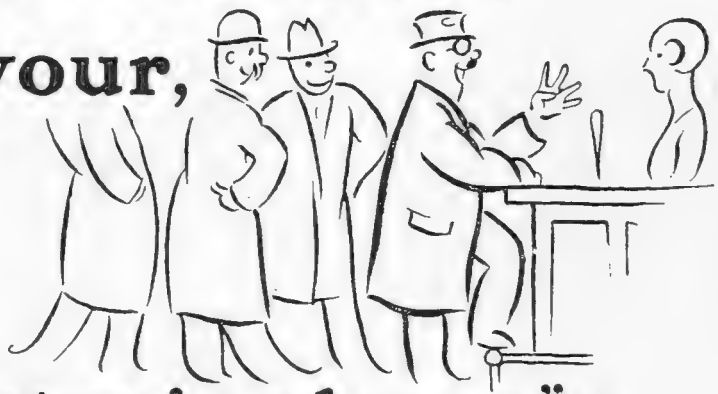
Royal Enthusiast

Nobody appeared to enjoy the big Hurlingham game more keenly than the King of Spain, whose enthusiasm for polo shows no signs of slackening. During his recent visit to this country he took every available opportunity of either watching or playing polo. He was a member of El Gordo team in their match against the Hurricanes last week, and was by no means a passenger. In this game King Alfonso found himself in the company of players who stand much higher in the handicap than he does, but he was not disconcerted by the pace of the game or by the fact that he was necessarily riding strange ponies. Every effort had been made to mount him efficiently, and he had the supreme satisfaction of taking a direct hand in the winning of the match for his team.

Smart Subalterns

Congratulations to the 17th/21st Lancers upon having again brought off the great double of Army polo—the Inter-Regimental and the Subalterns' Cups. In the final of the latter they defeated the hard-hitting Royal Artillery side from Woolwich by 8 goals to 4. A better team of subalterns has not been seen for many years, and the regiment bids fair to maintain its supremacy in polo for as long as it remains at home. On the same afternoon as the Subalterns' Cup the annual match for the Verdun Cup was played at Ranelagh. After a close struggle the Allies team, appropriately made up of a Frenchman in Count J de Madre, a Belgian in M. A. Grisar, and two Americans in Messrs. Sanford and Strawbridge, defeated the Life Guards. This result gave immense satisfaction to "Johnnie" de Madre, who has reached an age when most players have retired from polo. He remains as keen as ever, and still keeps a big stud of fine ponies.

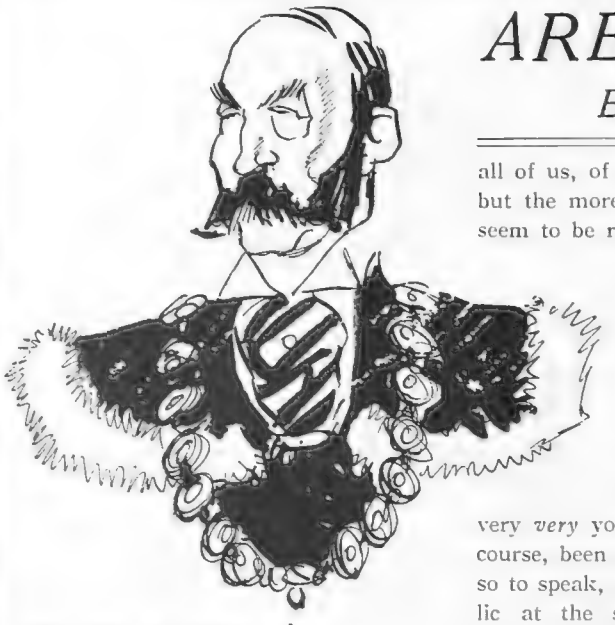
Mister Jack Horner,
When standing his corner
Knew exactly
the right thing to do.
Fine flavour,



no lees,
"Four
Worthington's please";
Cried his friends—
"What a good host are you"

ARE WE TOO SERIOUS?

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*



"Wear walrus moustaches and are made Mayors"

LONDON, *July* 19.

DEAR COUSIN—

ARE we, I wonder, getting just a little, tiny shade or fraction too serious about things? And it isn't really me asking this, either, not to begin with, anyway. Seeing that at least one other seems to have discovered something of the sort all by himself, and so's started a kind of a crusade, or campaign, or national movement to make us smile once again.

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A SORT of Mission to Londoners being the idea, apparently, who look on life, it seems, with such a sad and sombre eye that something's positively got to be done about it. Wherefore, they're to be taught, organised, not to say forced, by great and glorious combined effort—to sing. Sing at work, and sing at play, and, I suppose, of course, sing in their baths, too. All of which sounds fearfully hearty, and so on, does not it? and awfully bright and bracing for all concerned, but—well, just a fragment or *soupçon* on the strenuous side, what? And what about the people who've got to listen to 'em—are they going to be amused, too, I mean?

卐

STILL, I do believe there may be something in it, all the same—about our being serious, that is. Not all of us, of course, not by any means, but the more or less deadly germ does seem to be rather around and performing its fell and fatal work in some quarters or directions. Which some think it's because we've got so introspective and analytical and all that sort of thing, and despisers of mere simple pleasures, especially the very *very* young, who have always, of course, been the champion Gloom-birds, so to speak, and despaired of the republic at the slightest provocation, and found a singular joy, some of them, in finding no joy whatsoever in life at all.

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BUT some of the best modern philosophers—of anything around twenty-one and under, I mean—have got all their past and *demodés* predecessors and minor Apostles of Pessimism and Negativism all beat to a fizzling frazzle, so to speak. Like the one (just enjoying his first Long Vac. from the ancient University of Oxford) who informed the assembled supper table at the Café de Paris the other night that Michael Sadleir was the Charles Garvice of his day and G. K. C. a sort of Ethel M. Dell in wolf's clothing, and so on and suchlike, till he was well-nigh intoxicated with the (I expect he'd have put it) *vino rosso* of his bitter art. And it was really rather a sad blow when the momentary maiden of his heart was found only to have heard of two out of the four, Charles and Ethel, to wit—and firmly refused to believe anyone else could ever be even half so good and great!

A supper table at the Café de Paris

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TRULY, life's hard for some of the best Apostles, is not it, what? But awfully good for *us*, meseems, to know what the very best brains of the Coming Order are thinking (or, anyway, saying) about the things of the moment or even the moment before last. Because one gets old so quickly—or should I say one grows young so slowly?—that simply prodigious gulfs divide twenty-five from twenty and the outlook thereof, don't they? And it all really makes for the greater brightness of things after all. Because the deep and profound gloom of the Gloomy Young People isn't, you know, perhaps, quite so hopelessly irrevocable as you might think. Rapid recoveries are not unknown, and the above-mentioned Negativist was very positively bright and mundane on the dance floor a moment later. . .

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ALSO, introspection and self-analysis are what's, according to some, the Ruin of our Smile, so to speak. So busy biting bits out of ourselves and holding 'em up to the light (as one critic hath remarked) that we haven't time to look round and see what the other people are doing, or, for that matter, even properly to attend to important matters like the really rather excellent though material mixed grill provided for us at, say, the new Supper Time show at the Troc., where nowadays, by the way, you not only sup and watch, but also dance.

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RATHER doubt, myself, you know, whether even self-analysis ever made anyone permanently cease to smile—if more or less properly conducted, anyway. I mean, after all, if you do anything of this analysing business at all—and who *could* help

(Continued on page 164)

There are only two satisfactory ways of doing it

A lot of time and trouble used to be wasted in fruitless attempts to clean false teeth by old-fashioned methods. Milton has changed all that. Milton reaches those tiny crevices that no brush could ever touch. It is the scientific, as well as the nicest way to keep false teeth beautifully clean. Choose whichever of these two methods suits you best. The Milton you use for either is the ordinary bottle you buy from your chemist.

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Put your denture into a tumbler of water to which you have added half-a-teaspoonful of Milton. In the morning just rinse it under running water, and it will be spotless—the teeth white and glistening and the gold parts shining like new. Every germ killed, every stain dissolved.

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If you would rather clean your teeth while you are dressing, here is the wonderful new Milton morning method. Put your plate in a solution of *equal* parts of Milton and water. After fifteen or twenty minutes rinse it in running water, wipe it clean and dry, and you will find the teeth as gleaming white and the gold as brilliant as if you had used the weaker solution of Milton overnight. Milton is sold by all chemists in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 sizes. Keep a bottle in the bathroom.

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it once they'd invented Freud or he invented himself, or whatever happened. . . . Well, must say, myself, seems to me all to the good. Seeing that no one who started gazing into his own funny little soul with even the ultimate minimum of honesty could possibly avoid quite a lot of smiles at the various oddities and contradictions thereof—absolutely nothing according to rule, and so-called virtues and alleged vices all quite amicably mixed up in the cage like the traditional recumbent lion *plus* lamb.

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No, dear cousin—said she firmly—it isn't Freud that does it, not to mention Oxford or Cambridge, or even the so terribly serious financial, political, and international, etc., sit. There's a sort of thing—that's the real secret, methinks—called an official mind, that works all this horrid ruin and devastation in the life of what might otherwise be a happy and prosperous people, as they say in the history books. Not necessarily always worn by officials, either, but just people who'd make good ones. Born solemn, this kind are, and don't go out even with much prayer and fasting.

卐

Such wear walrus moustaches and are made mayors and (not inappropriately) O.B.E.s—or they may be seen clad in longish skirts and black stockings, directing smart charities or

"The Gloomy Young People"

merely, perchance, conducting their own middle-class households in the way they ought to go. And work hard at their so-called pleasures they do, too, same as at their alleged work. These they be, *par exemple*, that discuss with awed accents and furrowed brows each wicket of the Test Match, as read about in the evening paper, and then go home to equally harassed wives who've been worrying 'emselves sick about whether the leg of mutton, or whatever it is, is cooked quite right.

卐

And then, of course, they say if anyone's really fearfully rich they never smile, either; only I won't vouch for that, not hardly believing it, even after having once met what must be certainly the world's most melancholy millionaire. Simply terribly depressing effects millions have, apparently, because if you once touch the seven-figure mark you can't bear ever to drop down to a mere six—but I wouldn't mind facing the 'orrible prospect and chance it, what?

卐

There's some of the Solemn Ones, by the way, that are most solemnly denouncing dancing this very moment as ever is. Much too strenuous and a danger to health, says one (doubtless) learned Doctor. All very well in its way, but not vigorous enough, says another; though rather grudgingly it's admitted by yet another that it "makes for physical improvement," whatever that may mean. All of whom, methinks, have truly the official mind, *n'est-ce pas?* No use talking to *them* about any sort of so-called romance in dancing, and all that sort of thing, would it be?

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Thank Heaven, though, there still are, even in this so excessively and intensely serious world of ours, at least some few quite fairly reckless people at large. Such as those, *par exemple*, who the other day made a Sixteenth Century party at Mrs Benjamin Guinness's house, quite regardless of modern fashion *or* expense. All in rich brocades and stately velvets, and ruffs, and stomachers, and things they wore—Lady Patricia in rose satin and pearls as an Elizabethan princess, and Lady Churston with silver tissue and rosebuds as Amy Robsart, and Lord Erleigh a picturesque Cæsar Borgia, and so on.

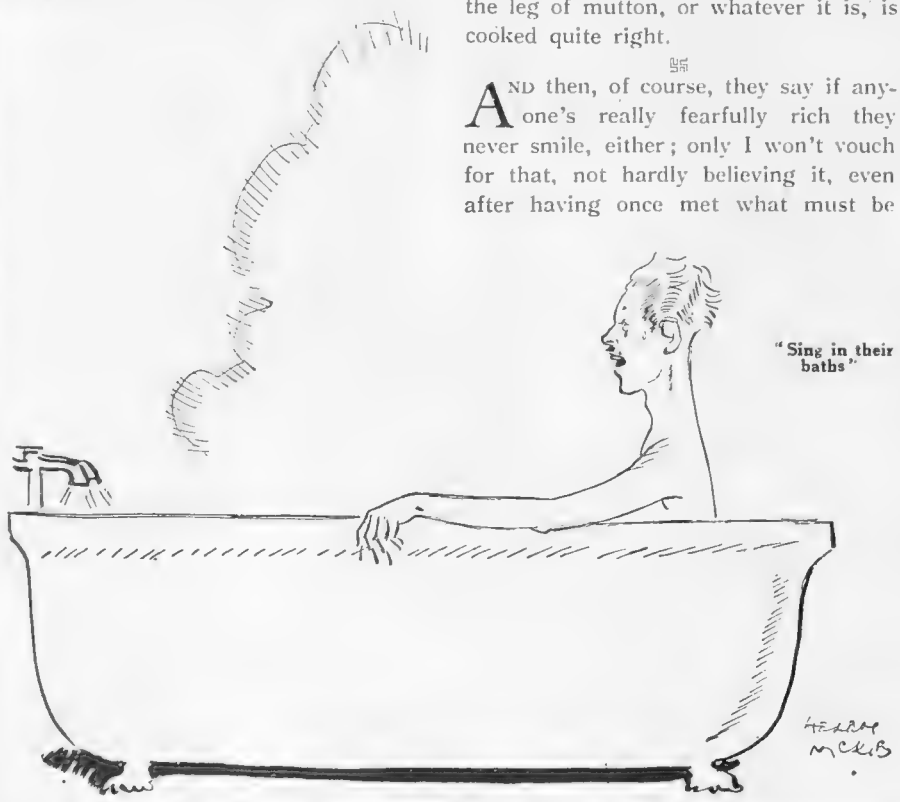
卐

Plenty of scope for forgetting coal strikes, what Mr. Gladstone really *did* say—and do—in 1864, and other vital questions there is these summer days. Even the loud chirpings of dear Mr. Cook fade into the distance when listening to Jack Smith, the Whispering Baritone, whose songs at the piano make an evening at the Cavour one of the most enjoyable ever. A new sports club—to wit, the Monte Carlo—opens this week as ever is at Poulett Lodge, Twickenham, complete with ballroom, cabarets, shady lawns, and everything that goes to make a summer here in London not too utterly utter.

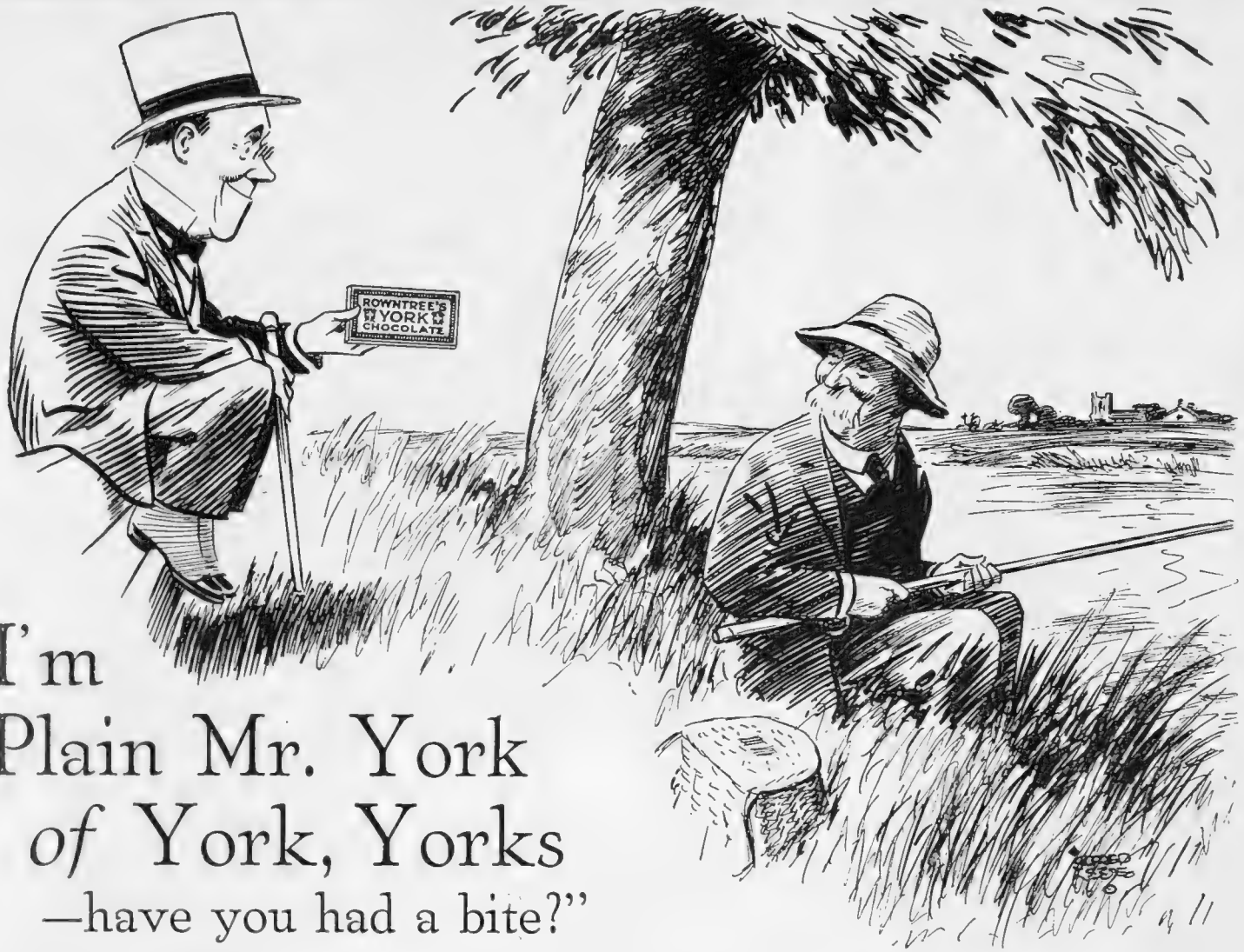
With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.



"Sing in their baths"



"I'm Plain Mr. York *of* York, Yorks —have you had a bite?"

Angler: "No."
Mr. York: "Ever had a bite?"
Angler: "No!"
Mr. York: "Ever expect to have a bite?"
Angler: "No!!"
Mr. York: "Then cheer yourself up with a bite of Plain York Chocolate."

Wonderful how Plain York puts summer in your soul when you're feeling rather sorry for yourself. Wonderful how it fits your mood when you're not.

So velvety on the tongue, so delicious to the palate, so sustaining . . . . . further down.

There's a scrumptious meal in store for you when you break up a cake of Rowntree's Plain York. Not too sweet, not too bitter, easy to break, and just the right thickness for a good bite. It's the chocolate of the moment . . . any moment.

* * *

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Where all good chocolate should.

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PLAIN YORK

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Rowntree's Motoring Chocolate

Special Chocolate with almonds and raisins; very nourishing. In half-pound cakes only: Plain, with almonds and raisins (red label), 1/1; Milk, with almonds and raisins (blue label), 1/2.

Plain York: in 6d. cakes, also ½ lb. 1/-, 1 lb. 2/-, and in 3d., 6d. and 1/- "Nap" packets and 2d. bars.

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

OBVIOUSLY, Mr. J. D. Beresford does not share the belief—perhaps not so widespread to-day as it was—that nobody wants to read a novel with a novelist as hero. And, after all, a novelist can be just as interesting as anybody else. He can have unusual adventures, and fall in love with real women as well as with his own heroines, and there is generally no obligation on the part of his children to follow their father's profession.

In *That Kind of Man* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), at any rate, we are introduced to Henry Blackstone, who is about as lifelike a novelist as I have ever met in real life. He is not as successful as he ought to be—a common occurrence—and he is no longer wildly in love with his wife. His son gives trouble, and, in general, things are not quite so smooth as they might be. And when Mrs. Thurlow, also a novelist, arrives on the scene, you are prepared for squalls. In real life, however, these squalls have a habit of being less Adelphi-like than they are in fiction, and Mr. Beresford in that cunning way of his refuses to allow his hero to play up to the gallery. He does precisely what most decent men would do in his rather awkward position. As a result you feel that you are reading a real story. Moreover, Mr. Beresford is always interesting, and the peep he gives you behind the publishing scenes is delightfully intimate.

❋

THOSE two charming Bohemians Jan and Cora Gordon have been extending their travels to the North, and in *Two Vagabonds in Sweden and Lapland* (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) give us another of their entertaining sketch-books. It does not seem to matter very much *where* they go to: always the quaintest of adventures seem to come their way. They stay with the oddest folk, and make sketches that are like nobody else's, and the things they record are just those which somehow are omitted in nearly all books of travel.

In Sweden it would seem, people play musical instruments whenever they can, and put shockingly nude wax models in their shop-windows, and their farm-houses are delightful places to stay in *if* you are really a Bohemian, and the flies object to your sketching out-of-doors, and the peasants are the nicest and dearest and most obstinate people in the world. For the polite tourist, of course, the books of these authors are worse than useless, but to us stay-at-homes they are a joy.

❋

LET me commend to your notice a new humorist. This is Mr. Gurney Slade, whose first novel, quaintly named *Ships that Pass in the Night Club* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is a riot of fun. The story itself is charmingly improbable, but the writing is extraordinarily witty. Every few pages, too, you come across something totally unexpected.

It is possible sometimes to become a little fatigued by continuous high spirits, but Mr. Slade never ceases to be genuinely amusing, whether he be satirising our smart foibles or poking fun at our night clubs. He can be most engaging about romantic ladies who dream of Arabian sheiks, or about strong, silent men who are bound to maintain their reputation for strong silence, or about young men who abduct bears and search the world for the ideal girl, or about the never-to-be-forgotten G.W. for C. Not for some time have I chuckled so much.

❋

IF only all lunatics could be as engaging as the now very well-known Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington! True, he is, as I dare say you know, only a borderline case, but in real life they are generally much the worst people to deal with. They rarely amuse you with their antics, and are much too interested in themselves to have time for anything else. As for a sense of humour—well, they would not be a "case" at all if they had one. But Mr. Essington is never out of an adventure of some kind or another. One or two of these are—to say the least of it—slightly improbable, but what does that matter? Mr. Essington is the only lunatic at large about whom one never tires of reading.

There is a fresh batch of his adventures now recorded in *The Lunatic in Charge* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and Mr. J. Storer Clouston's merry pen never falters. Here you have Mr. Essington playing the parts of doctor, fiction-detective, and lover. His titled patient, it may be, is too much of a ninny, and his patient's uncle may be too stupid even for a retired colonel of the good old (stage) school; but this again does not matter at all. The main thing is that Mr. Essington is out for a good time, and manages to get it. His schemes may be very mad, but he can be remarkably sane when it suits his book.

Complications are piled up ludicrously, one on top of the other, and the fun waxes fast and very furious indeed. How Mr. Clouston keeps it up I do not know, but keep it up he does right nobly, and even at the most farcical moments—really good farce is rather rare these days, by the way—he, or rather his hero, remains the best of good company. Long may Mr. Essington continue to run so gracefully amok.

Navana

THE PYJAMA TROT!

A photograph of Renée and Godfrey, the two popular and talented dancers. They are now appearing at Ciro's

A Work of Art

THE great artists of every age have employed the ideal human figure as a symbol of their supreme aspirations, and it is possible to trace, even from earliest times, the course of its development and manifestation in art.

Mr. Bertram Park, in "Living Sculpture" (Batsford, 21*s.* net), has set out to present a representative group of finely formed human figures of the present day in various typical and indicative poses that demonstrate to the fullest advantage its rhythm and plastic beauty. Different conditions of men, of course, living in different epochs, have postulated an ideal figure which may seem a little remote from the modern type, and, with a series of comparative plates, Mr. Ellwood, in his introduction, has shown some of its most varied rendering in prehistoric times, the primitive art of Africa and the Pacific, Greek art, and the works of such artists as Correggio, Guido Reni, Etty, Mulready, and Zorn, whose preoccupation was largely with the human form.

The volume comprises a series of 47 full-page studies of the finest human forms in various poses, with full historical and descriptive introduction, illustrated by 9 plates, including 16 examples of the human form in prehistoric, primitive, Greek and Renaissance art. The work should prove of great value to artists and all lovers of art.

'Nay, my lord,' replied Arnot, 'I know nothing of it save this, that my coutelier was airing my horses . . . . and fell in with Doguin the muleteer . . . . and so Doguin asked Saunders Steed to take a cup of wine . . . .'

'No doubt—no doubt,' said the old lord . . . . 'all your grooms and couteliers, and jackmen as we should call them in Scotland, are but too ready to take a cup of wine with anyone . . . . But, Andrew Arnot, this is a long tale of yours, and we will cut it with a drink, as the Highlander says, Skeoch doch nan skial—and that's good Gaelic . . . .'

QUENTIN DURWARD, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

Be a tale never so long; be its teller never so prosy; cut it with a drink of good, aged, worthy Black & White and there will be interest where before was none. For Black & White, too, is good Gaelic, and, withal, of an ancestry Highland as any that ever came down a glen. My Lord Crawford was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

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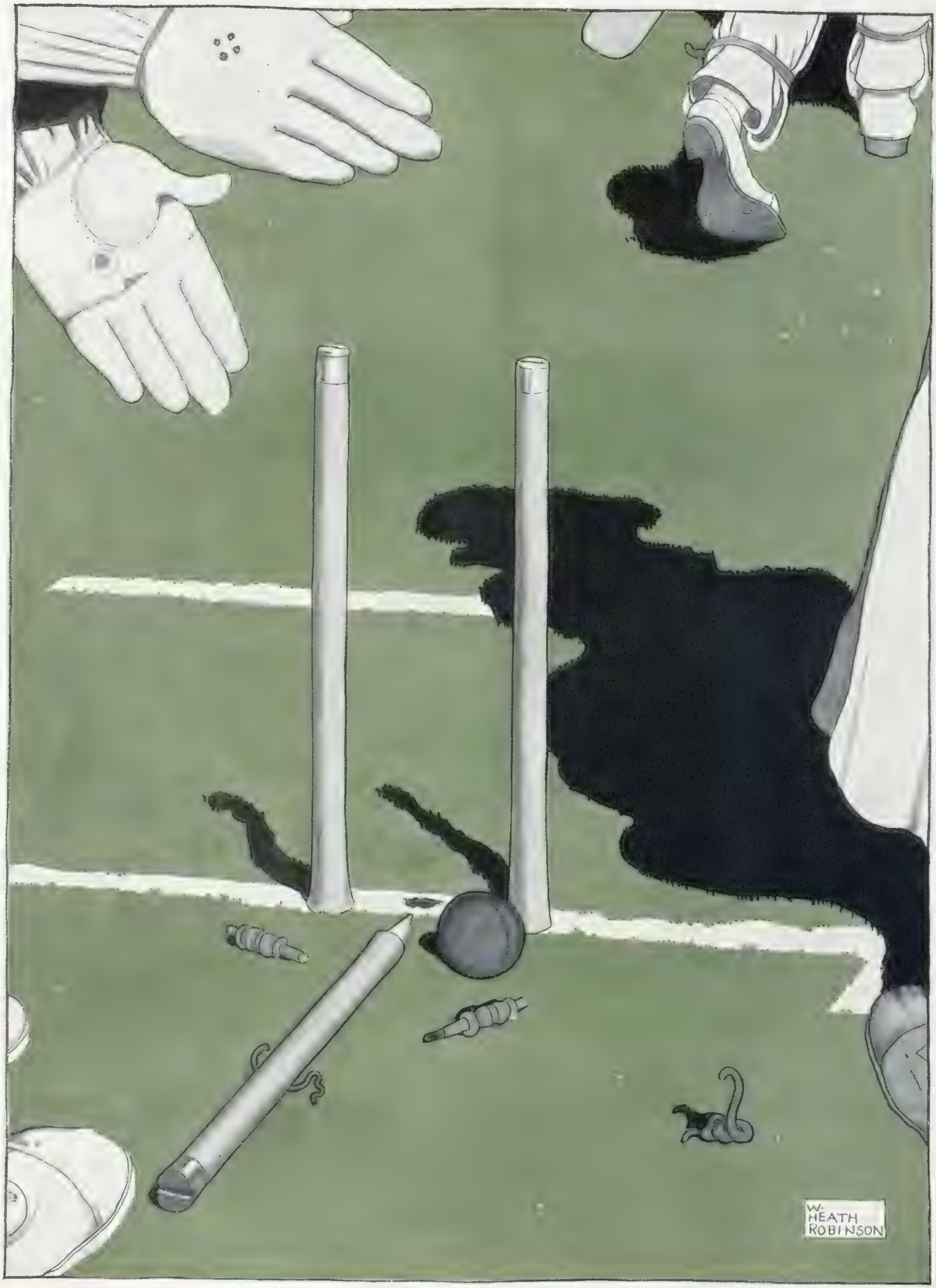
And That's Flat!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE MOTHER EARTH WORM TO ITS WORMLET: "Now, then, Florizel, that just serves you right. How often have I told you to keep away from the wicket during these Test Matches!"

A BLITHE drink! The cordial for companionship, without a harsh word or a headache in a hogshead of it.

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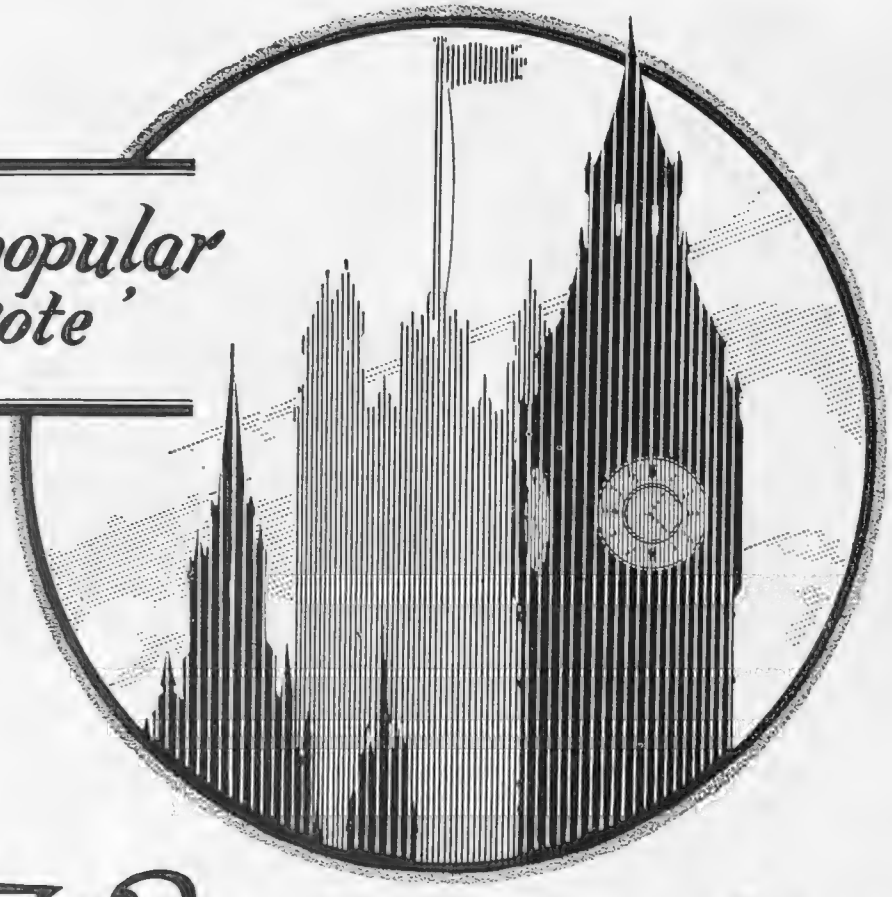
'The popular vote'



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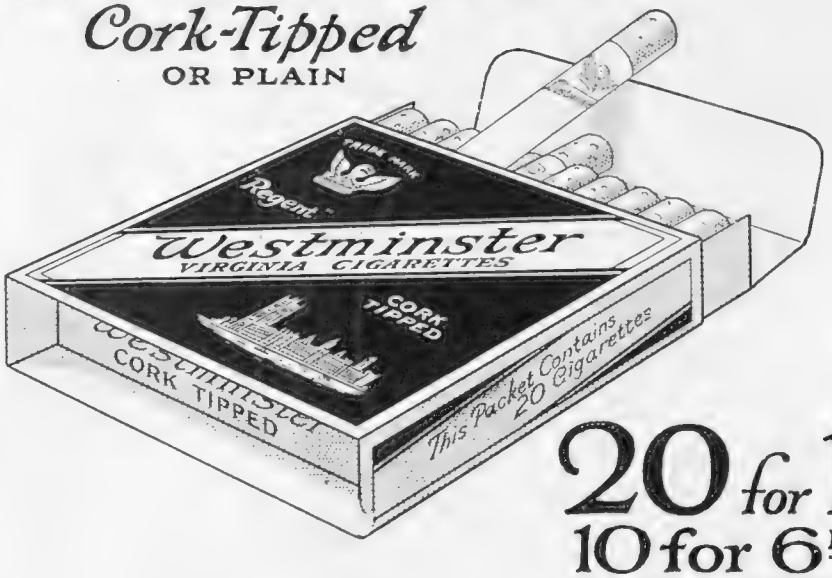

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W. R. 38

FEMINA

NOT ACCORDING TO SOCRATES

By "CANDIDA"

Norman Moss

MISS ANNETTE MILLS

The famous exhibition dancer. She is the wife of Mr. Robert Sielle, with whom she has been appearing with great success in London and elsewhere

THE end of the Season, and the worst—though it set out to be the best—on record. So like life, isn't it?—which quite often doesn't come off just when you most expect it to. Grumbles fill the air; grumbles from the dressmaker people and the shops, who sold next to nothing, so they tell us; grumbles from the rest of us, who bought too many clothes and had no sort of weather to wear them in. Grumbles from the theatres, which stood on their dignity and preferred to play to indifferent houses rather than give up—their art. Lamentations from those who keep expensive hotels and ran them half empty—so they said. I wonder. In all my life I never saw such crowds everywhere, and you can't be about in London without paying quite heavily for every breath of what air there is in it. Somebody surely must be the better for all that paying. But I may be wrong. For aught I know the world may be full of those wise people who know exactly what they want and won't pay for what they don't require, people who have developed the sort of philosophy that Socrates was born with, or acquired. He went one day to the market place, where they showed him every sort of useful and ornamental thing. All he said was, "My goodness!"—or Greek to that effect—"what a lot of things I can live without," and went on living without them.

A LITTLE of that spirit would help enormously to keep one in pocket in these hectic sale days. Next time I find myself drifting towards those temptatious places, where they sell you everything from diamond tiaras to shoe-buttons, and where you can hunt happily for hours to get tuppence off a yard of ribbon you don't want—anyway, I shall say to myself, "My goodness! what a lot of things I don't require," and see if the magic works. Unfortunately, life isn't as simple as it was when one white tunic with a Greek key border to it sufficed for all occasions. I know that before I shall have realised it the crowd will have swept me on towards the bargain counter, where I shall be busy extricating from the heap the "little frock" by Chanel or somebody going for a song, or let's say for something within the possibility of a tired purse. I shall be too busy to think of philosophies, and too much interested to care. And I've yet to meet the woman—or the man, for that matter—who had any use for them in an emotional crisis. If the truth were known, Socrates himself, when he gazed at the stuff they were trying to foist on him, wasn't really tempted by it. If he had been . . . well, he wouldn't have been Socrates.

Fred Robinson

MRS. MARTIN GUBBINS

Who was presented at the third Court by Mrs. F. Howard Humphris. She is the wife of Capt. Martin Gubbins, R.A., O.B.E., M.C., of the Staff College, Camberley

Valentine

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Cordelia Marguerite Stewart, whose engagement to Mr. Ernest Sadd Brown was recently announced. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. P. M. Stewart, the Chairman of Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd., and British Portland Cement Manufacturers Ltd.

I BELIEVE that lots of pseudo-Socratic virtue abounds in unlikely places. Look at the people in Oxford Street. It's inconceivable that this surging mass of humanity should go out all day and every day to buy the strict necessities of life. And I don't imagine, either, that they're always after its frills. What do they buy? They go, I think, to see what they might buy if they felt like it. They go to see what other people buy, just for the fun of the thing. They go for the sake of going and for no better reason. But it's extraordinary how they complicate things by the mere fact of their going.

What a crowded world it's become, thanks to their active inactivities! Not that there's any harm in them. If they're not up to the Socratic level, they've discovered one way of enjoying life at very little expense. They know that the possessing of beautiful things is often a bore and a responsibility, and is as nothing to the pleasure of hunting for them. So they go shop-gazing at least a hundred times before they buy once—that is, if they ever buy at all.

S

Soon there will be no more shop-gazing to do. Soon we shall see the usual tweeds which people always get into the moment August's here. Even now most of the shopping that's done is done with an eye to the holidays. There are new bathing dresses, such dinky things, to be bought hopefully for those nice places in Normandy or Brittany, always so much nicer in prospect than in reality; and one's twentieth jumper suit to be thought of, because on one's holidays no one sensible wears anything else from morning till eve. And the something new in the way of chiffon frocks, which are the only fluffy relief that's allowed one; and the large shady hat that's so becoming, though there will never be the slightest opportunity for wearing it. And last, but not least, the new box to take all the new stuff. Because I've never met the woman yet who had the right box for the right occasion. No matter how many trunks and things litter the box-room, they're either too big or too small, too square or too high, too light or too heavy, too glaringly expensive or too shabby—too something that makes them impossible.

The real holidays, not those one plans and imagines, are such inevitable things, with their rooms ordered ages beforehand, and their journeys and tips all included in the arrangements you make with the admirable people who live somewhere Piccadilly way. Nothing's left to chance, except the weather, and even that is prophesied about by men who speak with authority. Of course, there's always the hope that they may be mistaken. Anyway, it's best to be ready for all emergencies. Hence the fur capes and blanket coats which fraternise with georgette frocks and parasols in the new box that turns out to be too small after all. Personally I adore uncertainty. Think how dull it would be if it were possible to order, with the rooms and the tickets and the rest, four weeks of uninterrupted sunshine!

CANDIDA.

Monte Carlo Turns Its Tables

And Revolves into a Summer Resort

By CONSTANCE E. MILLER

To every civilised human being who has ever heard the words "Monte Carlo," or looked upon a broad map to trace the Principality of Monaco (which to most people is Monte Carlo), one thought, and one alone, seems to come to the fore: Gambling. Or, to go further still—a winter resort. How little they know the real "Monte," with its cool, clear summer nights and fresh, brilliant days, neither too hot nor too cold—without rain and fog.

A year or so ago Monte was discovered as a summer resort. It simply could not help itself. People liked it the year around . . . wanted to be there for holidays both summer and winter. There was nothing else for Monte Carlo to do but to make itself extra agreeable to the newly awakened idea and to place more than its natural lures of picturesque scenery of an old world superimposed by chic modernity into the hands of the visitors who preferred to be there in June, July, and August. Where else could one find so divine a spot for sun baths? Where else could one turn pounds into francs and live well at a *pension* for thirty-five francs a day?

"Monte" has many more lures than watching the spin of the wheel and the turn of Fate on the winning or losing at roulette or staking one's chances at Trente et Quarante. So Monte Carlo turns its tables and revolves in quite another direction, which does not include solely the ball of ivory, but the balls for golf, if one wishes to go to that beautiful unrivalled course at Mont-Agel, with its peasant-girl caddies in their crisp blue frocks.

SUMMER ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

A view of Larvotto, the summer bathing establishment at Monte Carlo. The Riviera is becoming increasingly popular as a summer resort with those who realise that its beauties are by no means confined to the winter months

Instead of playing golf, one may choose to saunter down to the beach at Larvotto and plunge into the world's bluest sea, or join the sun-bathed for an *apéritif* beneath the gay, canopied terrace along the *plage*. It is here, or, rather, further on, at La Vieille, that "Monte" will soon have a beach that will challenge the world with a stretch of some three-quarters of a mile, alongside of which are twenty-five tennis courts, where champions of the world, it is hoped, will gather for summer tournaments.

At the foot of the Casino Terrace is the Summer Sporting Club, an inviting outdoor palace where one may dine amid unique surroundings and contentedly listen to the excellent band, or glide rhythmically upon the smooth floor in time to the melodious strains of its dance music. Regattas add to the summer holiday spirit, and boat races form no small part of the activity in the bay that stretches before the most sheltered coast of the Riviera. Fishing brings pleasure to many, while yachting or cruising in a motor boat provide excellent recreation for others.

Tea dancing, as they insist upon calling it, while we say "*thé dansant*," is one of the ways to spend a pleasant afternoon in the Café de Paris, while breezes flutter through to deny that erroneous belief that Monte is a torrid place in summer. By means of a motor car or one of those quaint old surreys, one either motors or jogs over the ribbon roads to historic spots in Monte Carlo or Monaco, or further away to some ancient place lodged like a nest in a tree high up on one of those plateaux that surround the incline from Alpine height down to the level of the sea.

So Monte turns its tables and keeps them turning in the Casino, and one lazily, happily, contentedly, revolves around the holiday calendar in an atmosphere that spells the joys of a country village in unsullied sunshine with the agreeable complement of a superb, cosmopolitan city.

take this amazing 20 h. p., 6-cyl. sleeve valve engined car up the worst hills you know —*outstrip any rival of equal size or type*

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Glance at the list of top gear hill climbs on the right (a first instalment). Note the leading features of the specification in the adjoining column.

An amazing car—the crowning achievement of the world's largest manufacturer of sleeve valve engines, whose resources alone make it possible for the 6-cylinder sleeve valve engined 4-door saloon to be sold at £495, and the touring car at £395.

Leading features are: 6-cyl. Knight double sleeve valve engine. R.A.C. rating 20·7 h.p., Tax £21. 7-bearing crankshaft, cooling controlled by thermostat, automatic engine lubrication, automatic and hand control of ignition; air cleaner to carburettor. Exceptionally high torque ensures extraordinary hill climbing powers at every speed. Fully compensated four wheel brakes. 8-bearings to steering. Horn and lights operated without removing hands from the wheel. Duco finish to body. Touring car £395. 4-Door Saloon £495. 25·35 h.p. Roadster £520. Touring car £520. 5-Str. Saloon £695. 7-Str. Saloon £750. British closed coachwork to order.

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BLAGDON HILL
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Try the Willys Knight on your local test hill.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THE MASKED DOUBLE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

A DELUSION which is shared by many players is that an informatory suit double always betokens weakness in or absence of the suit doubled. It is true that it *may* and it often does.

But it does not necessarily follow. If it did we should be placed in the ridiculous position that a player could not double informatorily just because he happened to hold the suit that had been called against him. On English lines when your adversary makes a bid which you like and in which you will feel sure of saving the situation, you are advised to keep quiet unless you can see your way to probable game yourself. But this is not considered worth while by the Americans. What is the good of merely saving the game or getting a paltry penalty if there is something better on the tapis.

. . . . . .

Take this position. Z bids "One Heart."

You hold—S—A, J, 9, 3. H—Q, J, 8, 5. D—A, Q, J, 6. C—5.

What are you to do?

You can pass, and if the score is love, you feel certain of saving the game. You can risk a bid in Spades or Diamonds or try a No-Trumper. But this last with a singleton Club would be unwise.

But if you double informatively you are in the happy position of knowing that even if your partner has only an average hand, you can probably do quite well between you. It is obvious he will not have a double guard in Hearts, so he will not be able to bid "No-Trumps." If he calls, in response to your double, Spades or Diamonds, you will leave him. Or if he bids "Two Clubs" you will then go into No-Trumps yourself, while if the opponents continue bidding Hearts you will be able to make a business double for penalties.

Observe how it works out—

S.—10, 7, 6, 5.
H.—7, 4.
D.—7, 3.
C.—A, 10, 8, 4, 3.

S.—A, J, 9, 3. H.—Q, J, 8, 5. D.—A, Q, J, 6. C.—5.	Y A B Z	S. Q, 4. H.—3. D.—K, 9, 8, 5, 4, 2. C.—K, 9, 6, 2.

S. K, 8, 2.
H.—A, K, 10, 9, 6, 2.
D.—10.
C.—Q, J, 7.

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "One Heart"; A, "Double"; Y, "No bid"; B, "Two Diamonds."

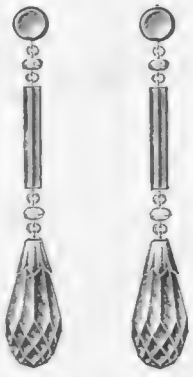
If Z now bids "Two Hearts," A can either double for business or support the Diamonds. Y is powerless. If A doubles B should again bid his "Diamonds," thereby assuring A of greater than normal length. B goes game in Diamonds, losing only one Heart and one Club. It is safe to say that but for the informatory double A B would not have won game and rubber on the hand. If A passes neither Y nor B can make a bid.

If A makes a No-Trumper it is true as the cards lie he does well, but to bid it would be a leap in the dark.

Alter the hand a little and give B the hand belonging to Y. B would then bid "Two Clubs" in response to the double, and A could safely bid Two No-Trumps.

. . . . . .

You may say how can the doubler's partner tell whether the double shows lack of the suit doubled, or whether it is a masked double? The reply is that it does not matter, because although the partner may be temporarily deceived, he can be undeceived before any damage has been done. The masked double has a two-fold object. It may enable the doubler or his partner to find a game-winning bid or it may induce the opponents to continue the bidding until the time arises for doubling them for heavy penalties.



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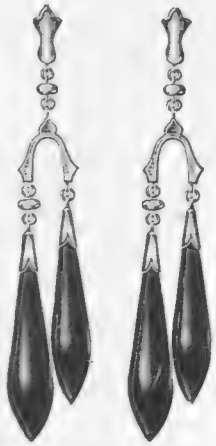

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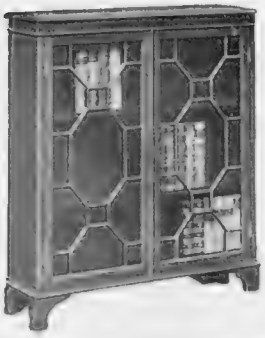

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HOW TO CHOOSE OLD FRIENDS & NEW FREAKS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE Dog Show, to be held in the Winter Gardens, Cheltenham, to-day, Wednesday, has attracted a large entry. Others to be noted are Berwick-on-Tweed to-morrow, Harrogate, Friday, Darlington on Saturday, and Salisbury—a big event for south-country fanciers—Wednesday of next week.

A well-known show-judge and all-round canine authority writes:—

"The ex-Gunner who intends 'going in seriously for Dogs' may safely accept your advice that it is neither necessary nor even desirable to select some new or freakish variety—more especially as he wishes to get some money with his fun, rather than merely fun for his money. It is no uncommon thing for some of these breeds, foreign or native, faked or genuine, to be introduced with a great flourish of trumpets and prophecies that they will soon wash out old favourites, and then to disappear altogether, or to fade out into the obscurity from which they have been temporarily hustled. All the same, the ex-Gunner and other beginners may well pause before deciding upon one of the most fashionable of varieties, because, although the demand for young stock may be brisk, sensational vogues generally bring big fluctuations, and in any case the competition in them is keen enough to make it pretty hard for the newcomer to become known.

"The latest Kennel Club statistics show that that ultra-fashionable foreigner, the Alsatian, has now beaten even the Wire-haired Fox-terrier in the numbers of his registrations; and already, though unknown here a few years ago, the finest Alsatians living are now those bred in this country—the finest, but not by long odds the best trained. The novice in either of these two fancies has a stiff row to hoe to win any prominence for himself and his kennel. To my mind, the most hopeful choice for ex-Gunner or his like—and it is a fact that there never was a better time than the present for doggy beginners—is that of a breed well-established and giving proof in its statistics of steady progress, but not extremely fashionable; not popular enough to be seen at every street corner. No change of public taste is ever going to rob us of such varieties as Bloodhounds, Bassets, Irish Wolfhounds, nor yet, I think, of Elkhounds or Salukis, Irish Setters, English Springers, Golden Retrievers, Dandie Dinmonts, Chows, Poodles, and Pugs—to name a few in which competition is not now formidable, and that are well worth every novice's consideration."

"The Kennelman" cordially agrees, and has more than once given similar counsel. In such varieties the beginner has a good chance of speedily making himself felt, and making fair profit from good and useful work—extremely interesting work, too. There's no need to begin by spending a lot of money; better to breed than to buy, to walk before running, and to devote real pains at the outset to acquiring one first-rate brood bitch, more or less ready for mating.

"Where can I obtain Miniature Basset Hounds?" The classification is not known to "The Kennelman," who, in common with most other lovers of the classic English sporting breeds, is inclined to look rather askance at the craze for "Toy" and "Pocket" specimens, lest such demand should lead to degeneration in type, and distinctive working character. The Basset is in any case a delightfully small Hound, and, meantime, this particular enquirer might, perhaps, address Miss Adams, of Stratton House, Cirencester, regarding specially small Bassets.

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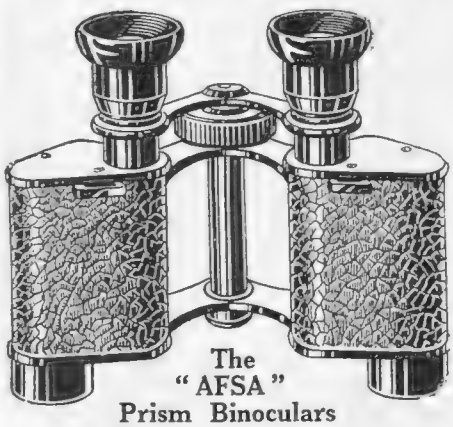

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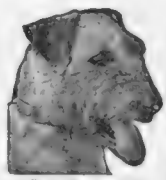

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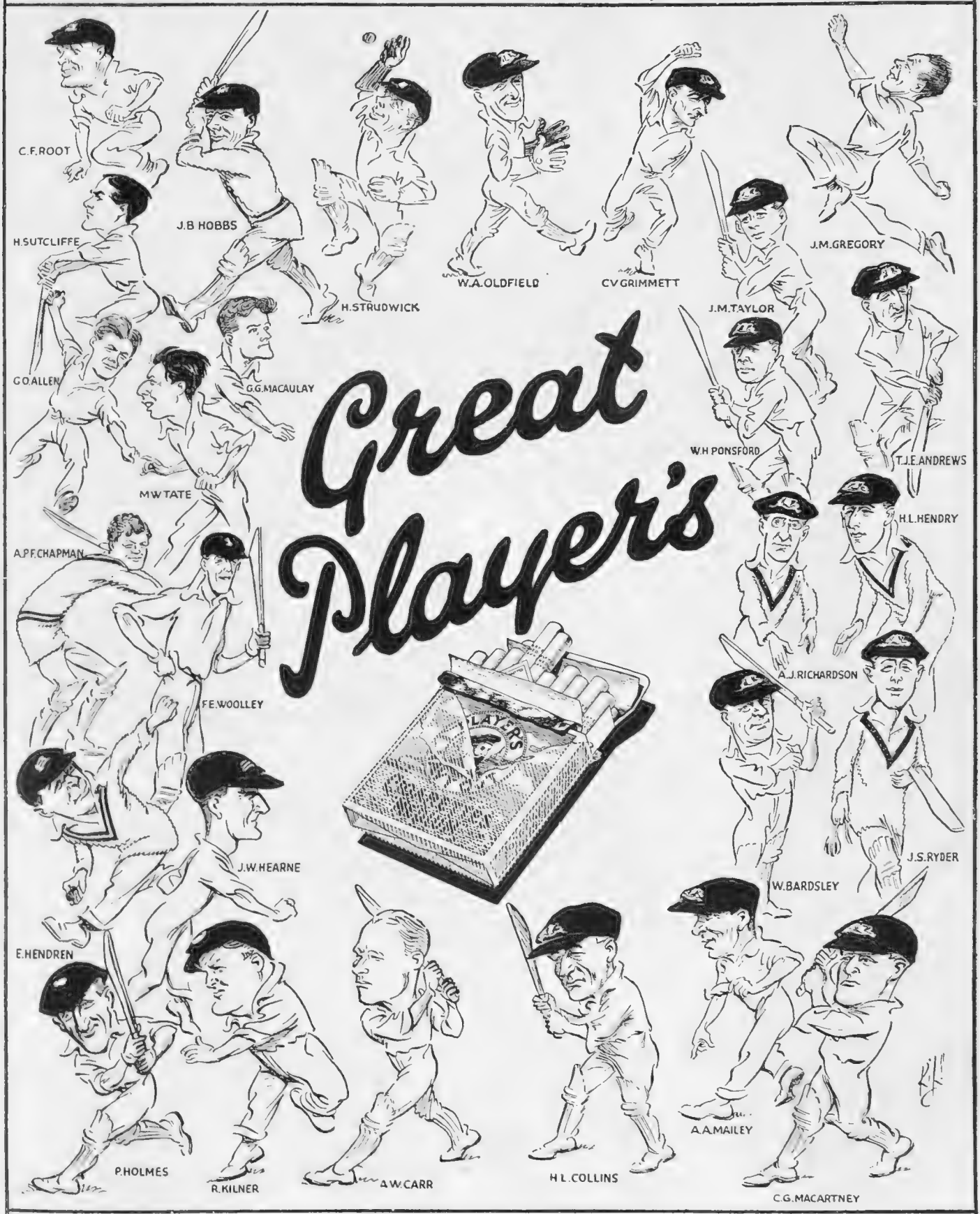

A Coloured Reproduction of one of these "Rip" Caricatures will be found in every packet of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

P1350

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

OFF THE COURTS

Miss Helen Wills, photographed in Paris while preparing for a different kind of "drive" from those with which she is usually associated. The car is a Buick

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

THE arrival of a heat wave in this country brought home very strongly to motorists the greater suitability of their cars for winter driving than for summer. Many were the expedients adopted by drivers and passengers to obtain a certain amount of "coolth," but even then the occupants of many cars were seen to be unpleasantly hot. In the case of some closed cars we had the spectacle of a normally dignified and pompous owner driving about in his shirt sleeves and braces. The modern car appears to be designed to provide adequate fresh air and also to provide warmth for the lower limbs, a condition of affairs which is scarcely ideal for really warm weather. I do not know if the present popularity of short skirts is in any way connected with this problem, but it seems to offer a fairly adequate solution.

***

THE first car in the world to maintain a speed of 100 m.p.h. and over for 24 hours' continuous running is the 45 h.p. six-cylinder Renault. Recently on the Montlhèry track this Renault, driven in turn by three drivers, averaged the colossal speed of 108.3 m.p.h. for 24 hours, this including all stops. The Renault certainly had a field day on that occasion, as it collected 10 world's records, all over 100 m.p.h., in the course of its run. In addition to the world's records already held, the Renault now is the proud possessor of all world's records from 500 kilometres upwards.

***

THE interesting thing about these Renault records is that the car was in no sense a special racer. It was a Sports 45 h.p. model modified for track use, and carried a tandem seated saloon body. This is a great innovation for world's records, but it obviously makes matters considerably more comfortable for the drivers. I am told that during the whole of the run not a single part of the car needed attention beyond the changing of tyres, and filling up with petrol, water and oil. As showing the excellent condition of the car at the finish, the very last lap of all was covered at 119.2 m.p.h.!

***

EVERY owner knows the annoyance caused by buckled mudguards, dented radiators, and damaged head lamps, owing to slight collisions either in traffic or in the restricted space of a garage, yet it is rather strange that more have not adopted the most obvious preventive, namely, bumper bars. It may be that the British motorist is somewhat conservative and is slow to adopt any innovation until its advantages have been definitely proved, but the briefest of experience with a good set of buffer bars proves conclusively that they prevent the ill effects of minor collisions and reduce to a remarkable extent those of major crashes. One objection to their use is their comparative unsightliness, but some of the latest patterns have been designed in an aesthetic manner, with the result that they are unobtrusive in appearance while being efficient in action. In the U.S.A., where the number of cars is greater and the standard of driving is not, perhaps, so high,

(*Continued on page 176*)

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1926—OUR CENTENARY YEAR

10

The "GREYS" in Peace time: Here the artist shows us a "GREYS" recruit in 1758—the year before Minden was fought. The largest mirrors within doors did not afford him sufficient scope for self-admiration, though he could view his spanking attire reflected in the shop windows as he strutted along the street.

(From a painting by Christopher Clark, R.I.)

A luxury every smoker can now afford! The NEW SIZE GREYS offer you a satisfaction never before experienced in a cigarette at 10 for 6d. and 20 for 1/-. The explanation is simple. They give you all the quality of the world-known Big Greys—the accepted cigarette in the most exclusive circles—in a cigarette of favourite size and at a popular price. Try them!

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bumper bars are fitted to practically every car.

***

USERS of Talbot cars and members of the motor trade generally will be interested to hear that Mr. Alan R. Fenn has resigned his position as general manager of Clement Talbot, Ltd., which he has held for over 4½ years, to take up, at the invitation of the directors of S.T.D. Motors, Ltd., special work in connection with the constituents of this combine. His offices will be at 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3.

***

A NEW model of the famous Lancia Lambda has recently been introduced to the British market. It will be remembered that one of the features of the "Lambda" is the combined chassis and body framework, whereby extreme lightness and rigidity is obtained. It had the one disadvantage that purchasers could not fit bodies of their own choosing. In the latest model a modified form of frame construction is employed which retains the features of lightness and strength, but different types of bodies may now be fitted. One model which can now be supplied is fitted with a really smart and up-to-date Weymann saloon body. Improved accommodation is provided, the driving seat being wider and adjustable to suit any requirements, while the cushion of the back seat is deeper and higher to afford greater comfort to the passenger.

A SULTAN'S CAR

A standard 14 h.p. Bean Touring Car which has been supplied to the Sultan of Sokoto. The Sultan made a number of stipulations regarding the car to be supplied, all of which were embodied in the standard Bean specification

THOSE who prefer to have sound advice given them in humorous vein should obtain a copy of the folder recently issued by J. A. Stevens, Ltd., of Upper Rathbone Place, W.1, entitled "Sparking Plug Worries." Instead of insisting on the advantages of Bosch plugs, for which this firm is British agents, the subject is treated not too seriously, and the argument thereby gains in force.

***

A BRITISH built four-seater saloon giving ample comfort for four persons, having an attractive appearance, fitted with an engine of 14 h.p. and costing complete £335, is obviously an attractive proposition without any further details being given; but when it is pointed out that such a car is made by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., of Coventry, interest is considerably greater. After plenty of experience with this car, I am still wondering how these famous British makers can turn out such an attractive car at this remarkable figure. The specification is up to date in every particular, while the outstanding feature of the chassis is its robustness of construction. With an eye particularly to the overseas market, the makers have provided a standard track of 4 ft. 8 in. and a ground clearance of 9½ in. The engine is a four-cylinder, with overhead valves, the gearbox provides three speeds and a reverse with right-hand change, while the final drive is by an overhead worm. Four-wheel brakes operated by pedal are, of course, fitted, while the rear brake acts to the rear of the gear box. GEORGE C. STEAD.

THE
BYSTANDER
116-117, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

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FOR SALE, attractive modern RESIDENCE, well placed in grounds of about 3 ACRES: hall, drawing and dining rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom

Electric light, gas.

Large building with excellent garage and other part convertible into good cottage.

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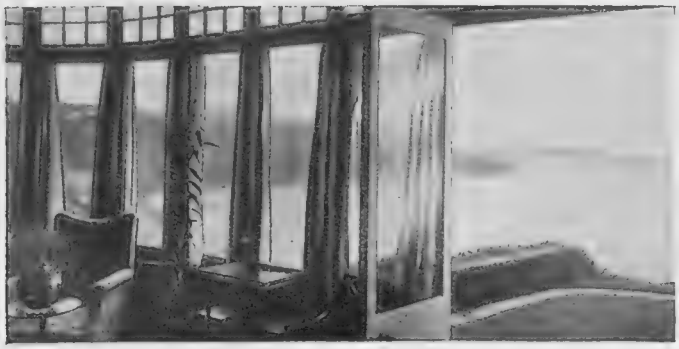

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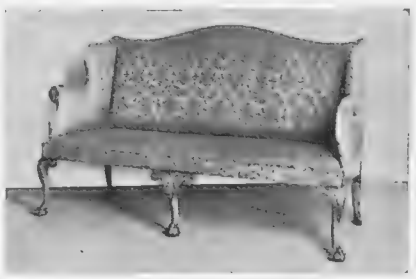

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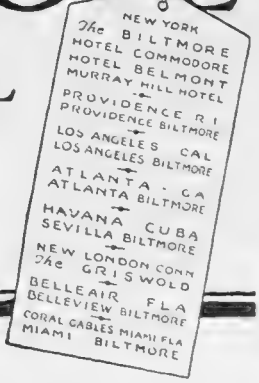

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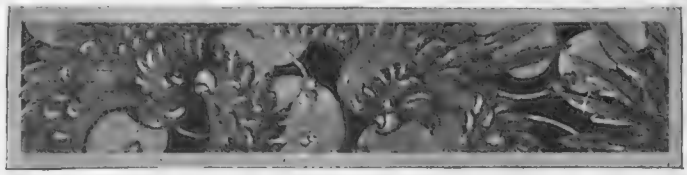

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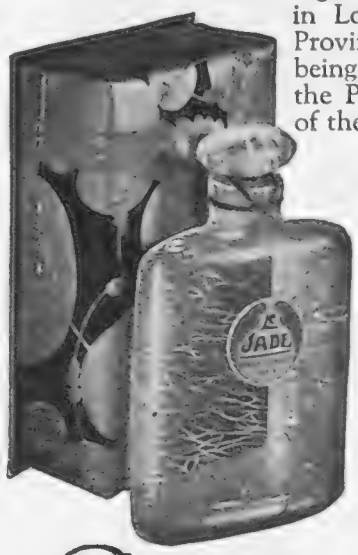

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Send 1/- P.O. for miniature casket of Le Jade Specialities to Roger & Gallet (London), Ltd., 14, Poland Street, London, W.1.

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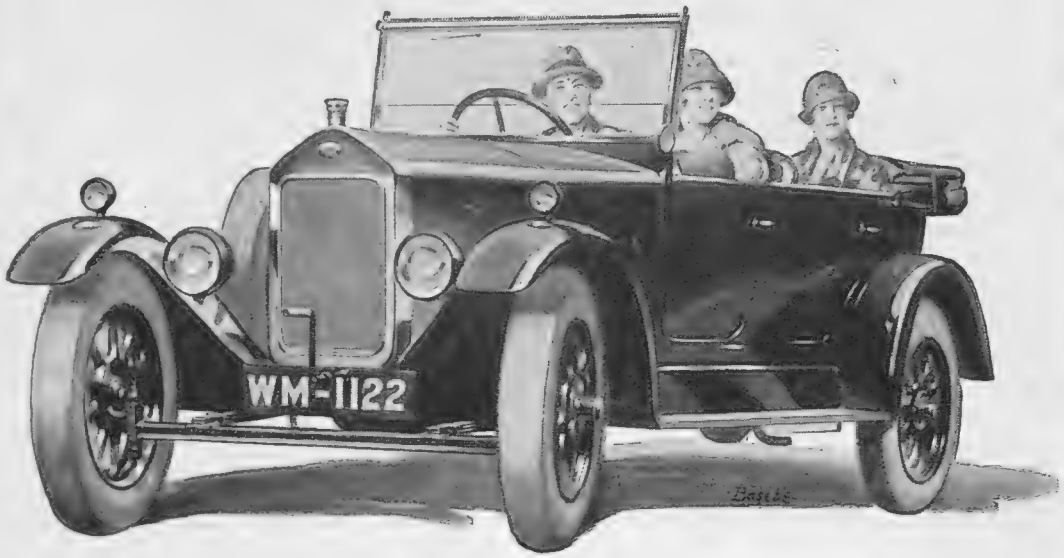

THE NEW ALL-GEAR ENGINE adds the last note of refinement to this beautiful car. Quiet when new, it remains quiet, and its flexibility and acceleration are delightful—it responds eagerly to every demand. Its design is a marvel of accessibility—in every way it is a **real owner-driver's car.**

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Old London Lavender

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Sweet fragrance of lavender fields in unique, beautifully modelled one-drop flasks that prevent waste. Test its lasting powers—you'll find it more enduring.
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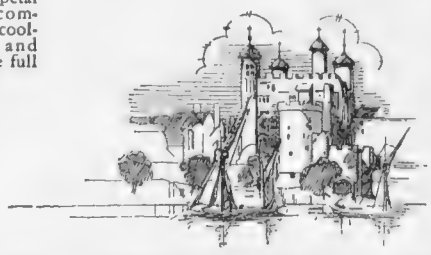
Send your name and address with 6d in stamps to the Erasmic Co. Ltd., Warrington, for a sample box—Two guest-size tablets of Erasmic Old London Lavender Soap and bottle of Old London Lavender Water. This offer is applicable to Great Britain and North Ireland only.



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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Modes for the Moors

AMONG keen sportsmen and sportswomen the hours are being counted until that glorious August 12th, when the shooting begins. And the house of Burberry, Haymarket, is, as usual, buzzing with business over the correct outfits for the moors: an establishment always alive with new ideas and beautiful fabrics which can be relied upon.

Prominence this season is being given to plus fours suits for women. A truly practical and sensible suggestion that in general appearance differs so little from the ordinary skirt and coat that the unobservant are quite likely to pass it over without comment. Whereas the comfort the bifurcated garment affords the wearer has merely to be tried to be appreciated. Burberrys are building these suits in that light, loosely woven Shetland tweed, as depicted on this page. A particularly faithful portraiture, as it is a photograph from life.

In their well-known game feather tweeds, in realistic blendings of the rich yet subdued bird plumage, of many novel patterns, the firm are offering coats and skirts after the style shown in the second figure. This, with its neat, short skirt, which is given the requisite width for easy walking over rough ground and clambering over fences by an inverted pleat either side, and straight-belted coat with yoke and pockets, is at once smart and thoroughly serviceable. Again, for those who prefer, there are the Floretta tweeds that follow the elusive tints of flowers; Tenacity tweeds affording a further choice. The latter are made of cross-bred wools, with a percentage of linen, which adds an extraordinary amount of strength. Tenacity is capable of withstanding the hardest wear.

The Burberry process of weatherproofing adds further attraction to their exclusive materials, protecting, as it does, the wearer from chills, and likewise preserving the contour of the garment. No woman who lives much of her life in the country and also goes in for sports can afford to pass Burberry creations by without the deepest consideration.

The Home Beautiful

THERE has never been a more exquisite or helpful book than "The Home Beautiful," issued by Williamson and Cole, Clapham, the latest edition of which is now available on application. It is a most costly production, as a large number of the illustrations are in colour. Nevertheless it pays the firm as, their *clientèle* being so widespread, both at home and abroad, it enables purchases to be safely made through its pages, and a house or flat completely furnished throughout, or merely furbished up.

Where all is so comprehensive and good it is no easy task to pick out any salient feature for discussion, though many will agree that the furnishing fabrics take a leading place. These are so original and exquisite in taste and execution, and, taking every point into consideration, most inexpensive. In window treatments Williamson and Cole stand supreme and supply choice enough to bewilder the steadiest brain. But if one has no personal predilection the decision can always be safely left in these expert hands.

Illustrated is the Fuchsia window drapery, which is at once rich in effect and moderate in price. The curtains in a lovely mulberry shade of art silk taffetas are effectively embroidered and lined fadeless material, the delightful pelmet accentuating the embroidered effect. Five feet wide by 10 ft. high, and ready for fixing, the cost is only £14 19*s.* 6*d.* The "Forest Glade," a most unique design, being carried out in a rich velour embroidered with a broken lattice pattern trailed over with conventional flowers.

ARCHITECTURAL GRACE

The artistic archway which connects Messrs. Liberty's Tudor building in Great Marlborough Street with their Regent Street premises. The keystone of the archway has carved upon it the figure of Father Time. The fine clock is of cast bronze, coloured and gilded, the centre of the dial displaying a sun with gilded rays emanating therefrom upon a coloured background. Above the clock are the emblematical figures of St. George and the Dragon

FOR THE MOORS

Two practica and attractive shooting suits from Burberry, Haymarket. The figure on the right is wearing one of the new plus fours suits. Those who remain faithful to the skirt will find the one worn by the other figure very neat and comfortable

"Shave, Sir?"

It is not merely laziness that drives many men to spending valuable time and money at the barber's rather than shave themselves in the morning. The fear of a rough, sore skin is the cause that drives them to the shop. However, given a good razor, the tenderest skin need never suffer if Williams's shaving stick is summoned to the morning rite. Giving a rich, softening lather, Williams's is sold in a holder which is comfortable to the grip, pleasant in design, and light in the pocket. It costs but 1*s.* 3*d.* for the Holder Top and Stick. Refills for the Holder Top are sold at 1*s.*, so it is apparent that Williams's shaving stick is indeed a good investment for the bathroom.

For the Bath

Baths can be much more than a mere matter of routine to be got through as soon as possible, as many ladies who take a pride in their skins know. A pleasing and refreshing addition to the bath are Pasta Mack tablets, which give the water a lovely perfume and prove most soothing to the skin. Obtainable at all chemists and perfumers, Pasta Mack tablets

and Pasta Mack soap bring a touch of refreshing charm to the toilette, softening the hardest water and leaving the skin fresh and fragrant.

FOR THE HOME

The "Fuchsia" window treatment as designed by Messrs. Williamson and Cole, of Clapham. The curtains are of art silk taffeta, delightfully embroidered. They are lined fadeless material. For a window 5 ft. by 10 ft. the price ready for fixing is £14 19s. 6d.

A Huge Lemon Crop

It would be difficult to estimate with accuracy the world's lemon crop, but last season Messrs. Foster Clark, Ltd., of Maidstone, alone used the gigantic total of fifty millions of lemons for the purpose of making their well-known Eiffel Tower Lemonade. As a cooling summer drink lemonade is unrivalled, since the essences of lemon keep the blood cool, and thus the body can more easily withstand the heat. Eiffel Tower Lemonade has been a popular favourite for more than thirty years. It is just the drink for this summery weather.

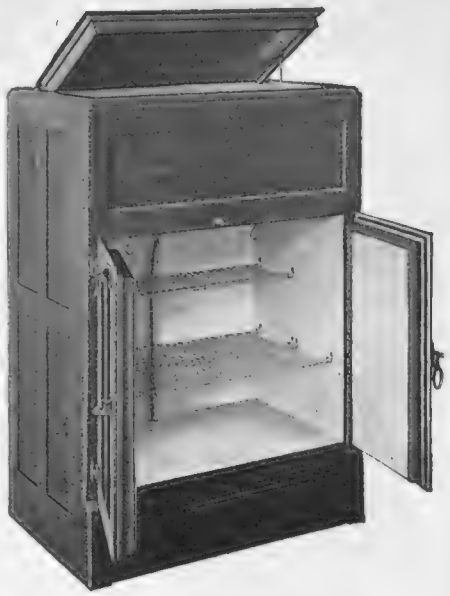
Keeping Cool

The problem of food storage in hot weather has not received over here the general attention which is its due, although in America no home is without its ice-chest or refrigerator. Some means of keeping food fresh and free from contamination becomes increasingly necessary each year, and one of the simplest and most efficient methods is by the use of the Marco British-made refrigerator. There is no mechanism in a Marco, the patented air circulation system being the result of natural laws, and the consumption of ice is kept at a low level. Messrs. Marco Refrigerators, Ltd., Streatham Vale, S.W.16, manufacture a range of models from £2 5s. upwards. The model illustrated, No. 105, is priced at £13 10s.

Continental Trains

The Est Railway of France have sent us a list of their summer services between Paris, Berne, the Bernese Oberland, the Loetschberg and Milan, via Belfort-Delle.

The permanent daily service linking up Paris, Berne, the Loetschberg and Milan leaves Paris at 11.45 a.m., arriving at Berne at 9.38 p.m. and Milan at 5.30 a.m. the next day. In the reverse direction the train leaves Milan at 7 a.m. and arrives in Paris 11.45 p.m. The permanent night service over this route leaves Paris ordinarily at 8.40, but



THE MARCO REFRIGERATOR

from July 1 till September 30 it will leave at 9.30 p.m. to obviate a long wait at Bâle. This amended service reaches Berne at 8.20 a.m., Interlaken at 9.56 a.m., and Milan at 2.55 p.m. The return train leaves Milan at 3.25 p.m., arriving in Paris at 9.25 a.m.

The train de luxe from London to Interlaken leaves three times a week, from July 1 to September 10, at 2 p.m., leaving Paris at 7.55 p.m., arriving in Berne at 8.20 a.m. and Interlaken at 9.56 a.m. The train from Interlaken to London leaves at 11 p.m., arriving in London 5.15 p.m. next day.

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No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and **A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London**

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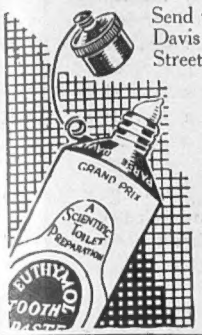

Send to Dept. N52, Parke, Davis & Co., 54, Beak Street, London, W.1, for an interesting booklet which gives the reasons why Euthymol Tooth Paste is the best for use on holidays — and always.

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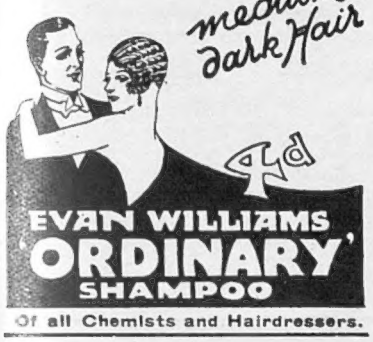

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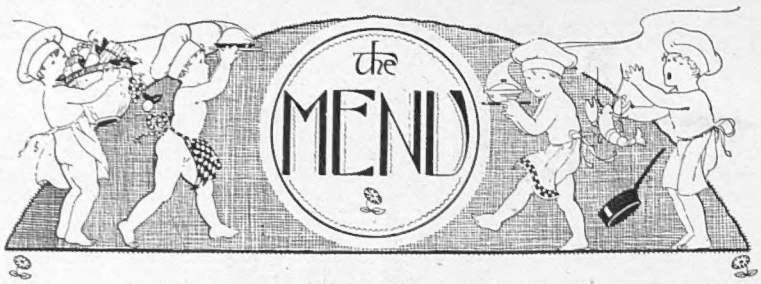

A DINNER

CLEAR SOUP.

SALMON WITH SHARP SAUCE.

HAM MOUSSE (COLD).

BRAISED DUCK WITH CARROTS.

BANANA CREAM—ICES.

CHEESE AND TOMATO TOAST.

COFFEE—LIQUEURS—DESSERT.

Salmon with Sharp Sauce

TAKE three or four slices (according to number) of salmon not quite an inch in thickness, and lay them in a marinade composed of oil, salt, lemon juice, and herbs for an hour. Then place the slices of salmon on the gridiron, which must be oiled, and broil over a clear fire or under the gas deflector. Serve with the following sauce: Prepare some mayonnaise sauce, adding to it a small quantity of French mustard or ordinary mustard, a few finely minced gherkins, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a small quantity of chopped chives or spring onions, and some chopped tarragon and chervil leaves. This sauce is served cold.

Ham Mousse (Cold)

Whip two gills of cream stiffly, and stir with this one gill of just liquid aspic and ½ lb. of cold, cooked, minced and sieved ham, and just enough carmine to make it all a very delicate pink. Whip this together for three or four minutes, pack it into a mould, and set it in a basin full of broken ice for one and a half hours. Then turn out and serve.

Braised Duck with Carrots

Partly roast a good-sized duck, untruss it, and cut into neat joints. Line a stewpan with slices of streaky bacon, then put in the duck and season. Add two gills of stock, half a pint of Espagnole sauce, and half a gill of white wine. Simmer slowly for thirty minutes, and take up the pieces of duck and strain the sauce. Have ready about a dozen very small young carrots, which have been boiled, put them in a saucepan with half a gill of white wine, boil up, and add to the duck. Simmer a little longer and skim well, dish up, and garnish with the carrots and a few fried *croûtons*.

Banana Cream

Skin six bananas and put them in a stewpan with ½ oz. of gelatine (dissolved in half a cupful of water), the rind and juice of a lemon, and a little castor sugar, and simmer all together for about ten minutes. When cold, beat up with a little cream, and flavour with a dessert-spoonful of liqueur. Pour in a mould, and leave to set.

Cheese and Tomato Toast

Rub through a sieve a large ripe tomato. Grate 2 oz. of cheese, add the yoke of an egg or a little cream, a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper. Make it very hot, and serve on rounds of toast.

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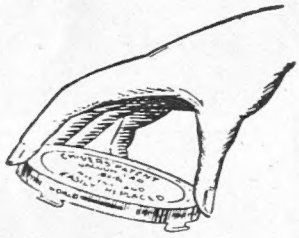

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Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic

Three Identical Wagers —Three Different Settlements!

Lord Bob: "Funniest thing I ever heard."

Sir Edward: "What's the joke? Don't keep it all to yourself."

Lord Bob: "You recollect the race 'Vixen' won, starting at 5/1 'on'?"

Sir Edward: "Very well! I had a 'monkey' on her."

Lord Bob: "Well, Harlington, Dicky Smithson and Ronnie Westgate all fancied 'Tigress' which ran second. Peculiarly enough, each had exactly the same wager, *i.e.*, £100 each way."

Sir Edward: "What happened?"

Lord Bob: "That's the joke; you know 'Tigress' started at 20/1. Harlington's bookie claimed £100 from him, as he doesn't allow place betting when the favourite starts 'odds on.' Smithson's man sent him £100, as he limits the place odds to 2/1 under those circumstances, whilst Westgate's agent credited him with the full odds and sent him a cheque for £400. Ronnie hasn't stopped laughing."

Sir Edward: "Very funny, indeed. I almost think I'm certain to name his agent in one."

Lord Bob: "Who do you think it is?"

Sir Edward: "Douglas Stuart."

Lord Bob: "How did you guess?"

Sir Edward: "Not difficult at all. He's really the only man who doesn't hamper his clients with all sorts of tricky restrictions and limits. That's why I'm so enthusiastic about Duggie."

Follow Sir Edward's Advice —Write a personal note to 'Duggie' now and become an equally enthusiastic client.

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